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GHX

Feldberg.

A

TOUR

IN

ZEALAND,

IN THE YEAR

1802;

WITH AN

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

BY

A NATIVE OF DENMARK.

TENTANDA VIA EST.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY BARTRAM & REYNOLDS, No. 58, NORTH SECOND STREET, FOR THOMAS DOBSON AT THE STONE HOUSE, No. 41, SOUTH SECOND STREET.

1807.

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J. Watts de Peyster:

LL. D.

Master of Arts, Columbia College, of New York, 1872.
Rose Hill, in the Township of Red Hook, near Tivoli P. O., Duchess Co., N. Y.

September, 1874.

Judge Advocate, with the rank of Major, 1845.
Colonel N. Y. S. I. 1846; assigned for "*Meritorious Conduct,*" 1849;
Brigadier-General for "*Important Service*" [first appointment—in N. Y. State—to that rank hitherto elective] 1851, M. F. S. N. Y.
Adjutant-General, S. N. Y. 1855.
Brevet Major-General, S. N. Y., for "*Meritorious Services.*"
[first and only general officer receiving such an honor (the highest) from S. N. Y.,] and the only officer thus brevetted (Major-General) in the United States.]
by "*Special Act,*" or "*Concurrent Resolution,*" *New York State Legislature*, April, 1866.

LAWS OF NEW YORK, Vol. 2.—89th Session, 1866, Page 2142.

Concurrent Resolution requesting the Governor to confer upon Brigadier-General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the brevet rank of Major [General] in the National Guard of New York.*

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That it being a grateful duty to acknowledge in a suitable manner the services of a distinguished citizen of this State, rendered to the National Guard as well as to the United States prior to and during the Rebellion, the Governor be and he is hereby authorised and requested to confer upon Brigadier-General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the *brevet rank* of *major-General* in the National Guard of New York, for meritorious services which mark of honor shall be stated in the Commission conferred.

State of New York, *in Assembly*, April 9th, 1866.
The foregoing Resolution was duly passed. *By order of the Assembly.*
J. B. Cushman, Clerk.

State of New York, *in Senate*, April 20th, 1866.
The foregoing Resolution was duly passed. *By order of the Senate,*
**So in original.* Jas. Terwilliger, Clerk.

MILITARY AGENT, S. N. Y., (in Europe,) 1851-'2.
Honorary Member, Third Class, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U. S.
First Honorary Member Third (Army of the Potomac) Corps Union.
Member—10th June, 1872, Director—of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association.
MEMBER OF THE NETHERLANDISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
[*Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde*] at Leyden, Holland.
RECIPIENT, 1856, of *Three Silver Medals* from H. R. M. Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, &c., for a Military Biography of Leonard Torstenson, Field Marshal, Generalissimo;
of a *Gold Medal* in 1852, from Washington Hunt, Governor S. N. Y., for
"Efforts to Improve the Military System of New York," &c. &c.,
and Suggestions for a Paid Fire Department with Steam
Fire Engines, &c. &c.:
of a *Gold Medal* in 1852, from the Field and Staff Officers of his Command, 9th Brig., 3 Div., N. Y. S. Troops, "In testimony of their Esteem and Appreciation of his Efforts towards the Establishment of an efficient Militia," &c.: in 1870, of
a Magnificient Badge, Medal and Claspe voted at the Annual
Meeting of the Third Corps (Army of the Potomac)
Union, held at Boston, Mass., Thursday,
May 5th, 1870, when
A Resolution was adopted to present a *Gold Medal* of the value of $500, to Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, of New York, as a testimonial of the appreciation by the Corps of his *eminent services* in placing upon record the true history of its achievements, and in defending its commanders and their men from written abuse and misrepresentation;"
and of several other Badges, Medals, &c., for services in connection with the military service of the State of New York.
HONORARY MEMBER of the New Jersey and of the Minnesota Historical Societies;
and of the Pennsylvania College, *Gettysburg;*
of the Philosophian Society, *Missionary Institute, Selin's Grove,*
and of the Lutherian Society, *Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania,*
and of the German Literary Society of *Nebraska College, Nebraska City.*
HONORARY MEMBER of the N. Y. Burns Club.
(Burns was a member of the *Dumfries Volunteers*, of which Col. Arent Schuyler de Peyster, 8th or King's Foot B. A., was Colonel, to whom the "National Bard of Scotland" addressed, just before his death, in 1796, his "POEM ON LIFE,")
and Life Member of the St. Nicholas Society of New York,
(of which city Johannes de Peyster, *first of the name in the New World*, was *Schepen*, 1655, *Alderman*, 1666, *Burgomaster*, 1673, *Deputy Mayor*, 1677. *Mayoralty offered and refused.*)
MEMBER
of the New York, of the Rhode Island (Newport) and of the Pennsylvania Historical Societies, of the Military Association of the State of New York,
and of the Century Club, New York City.
LIFE MEMBER
of the Historical Society of Michigan,
of the New York Gallery of Fine Arts, and Director of the N. Y. Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb,
and of the Numismatic and Archæological Society of New York.
LIFE MEMBER or FELLOW of the American Geographical Society; Patron of the Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans, and of the New York Dispensary; Life Director of the American Tract, and Life Member of the American Bible Society, N. Y.
CORRESPONDING MEMBER
of the State Historical Societies of Maine, of Vermont, of Rhode Island, (Providence,) of Connecticut, and of Wisconsin; of the Long Island and of the Buffalo Historical Societies; of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society; of the Quebec Literary & Historical Society;
of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society
of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania;
etc. etc. etc.

TO

MR. J. DE WINDT,

OF

ST. CROIX.

SIR,

I BEG you to consider the dedication of this little volume, not as an attempt to discharge even the least of my obligations to your disinterested kindness; for, in this respect, I must remain forever your debtor; but as an evidence of the pure esteem I feel for that patriotic ardor which incites you to promote whatever can in any way conduce to the welfare of Denmark.

Should this attempt to delineate my native country be received with any portion of indulgence, either HERE, or at HOME, the whole must be ascribed to the interest you have taken in making it public.

Permit me to remain,
Sir,
With unfeigned gratitude,
Most faithfully your's,

THE AUTHOR.

Hampstead Grove,
Sept. 9, 1804.

PREFACE.

IT might be as well, perhaps, if I sent this book into the world without a Preface; since, to be candid, the reasons for and against one, are nearly on a balance. Yet, as every author is expected to say something of his own performance, although it should amount to no more than a specious promise, which his labours do not justify, I shall venture a few words. Being but a novice in the world of letters and mankind, (which by the bye, my reader's own penetration will soon discover) I must begin with observing, that the most necessary ingredient towards my success, is public indulgence, which I may, perhaps, hope for, as not always the most deserving are the most caressed.

A few partial friends, enamoured with Shakespeare's portrait of HAMLET, suggested to me the idea of presenting the Public with some information concerning our country.

It seems to have been the peculiar province of German travellers to augment their bulky volumes of incomprehensible falsehood, with visionary details on the state of Denmark. Naturally phlegmatic, their splenetic minds, and jaundiced eyes, distort or discolor every object they encounter; and their chaotic brains give an hideous aspect to the prospect which surrounds them.

To censure with justice, to commend with reason, to instruct with pleasantry, are passports to interest or win the heart, unkown to the Germans who have written on Denmark; which would be more easily understood were I to enumerate the volumes of travels that appear at Leipsig, fair after fair, describing countries their authors never saw. That Denmark has suffered from such unjust delineation, is most true, but with the intelligent reader, the mass of contempt falls on the impostor, who, from sinister motives thus seeks to mislead.

These travellers, on chamber-horses, possess a certain talent of making their style palatable to the world; they excel in pomposity, at least they make it current; it is their *fasse par tout;* it helps them through all their difficulties, it enables them to exceed probability, and set possibility at defiance; such is the German recipe for bookmaking. But as they have at length found out that injuries are punishable, and that insults will, sooner or later, be resented; they have adopted a most ingenious subterfuge, now universally in vogue, which is to palliate all that prejudice, rancour, and dullness can engender, with this pusillanimous apology: "I should, indeed, be very much "misunderstood, were it to be thought I meant any thing "offensive." This is their *dernier resort*, equally miserable and disgraceful.

Impressed with this maxim of Johnson "that no crime "is more infamous than the violation of truth," I have endeavoured, as much as possible, not to deviate from it. But it is still probable some may think, that although I have told the truth, I have not told ALL the truth; that native prejudice has directed my pen, and my head and heart have cheerfully obeyed the impulse—To those I shall reply, that I have attempted to describe such subjects only as my personal information made me intimate with.

A more diffusive delineation would have required ability beyond my pretensions. I have chosen the *country* for my subject; its metropolis lies open to every observer.

I have little more to add, except that I have never, in this work, consulted any other than the following writers, and to them I have been but once or twice indebted.

Great and good deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteinians, by Ove Malling.

The posthumous works of O. J. Samsoe.

And the Tragedy of Niels Ebbesen, by Mr. Sander.

Repeated excursions into the country from my earliest observation to my twentieth year, have furnished the remainder.

As to my style, I trust I shall be excused from any Danish idiom which may have marred the true English, when my plea is a residence of scarcely two years in this country.

A

TOUR

IN

ZEALAND,

IN THE YEAR

1802.

I HAD contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman at Copenhagen, who came from Norway, to enter himself a ſtudent at our Univerſity; and we propoſed, in the Summer of 1802, to make an excurſion into the country. We ſet off in the month of June, by the Weſtern gate, cloſe without which the glorious monument ſtands on the high road, in commemoration of the emancipation of the peaſants.

Four figures of white marble, emblematical of peace, plenty, content, and induſtry, occupy the corners of the pedeſtal from the centre of which riſes a beautiful pyramid. On one ſquare of the baſe it is written, "*For Chriſtian den ſyvende de Danſkes og Norſkes Konge af eenige og taknemmelige Borgere.*"* And on the other, "*Grundſteenen blev lagt af Frederik Kongens Son, Folkets Ven.* 1792."† The body of the pyramid contains

* "To Chriſtian the Seventh, King of the Danes and Norwegians, "from united and grateful citizens."

† "The foundation ſtone was laid by Frederick, ſon of the king, "the friend of the people. 1792."

two inſcriptions, purporting, that the king conſidered liberty, rationally exercíſed, as an incentive to virtue,—a promoter of happineſs, and a ſtimulus to loyalty and patriotiſm.

Such a monument cannot but gratify the feelings of every beholder. The affluent, who commiſerated the former ſufferings of the ruſtics, rejoice at the triumph of humanity; while the peaſantry contemplate it with enthuſiaſm, as deſcriptive of their reſcue from ſlavery, and their elevation to that rank in ſociety, which is the prerogative of human beings. Even the ſtranger is intereſted; on viewing it, he conceives a favourable opinion of the government which ſtudies to give happineſs to thoſe, whoſe anceſtry, by reſigning their rights and privileges to the crown, eſtabliſhed the baſis of its independence.

The road, on either ſide, leads to large, handſome, and even magnificent houſes. At ſome little diſtance from the pyramid it branches into an avenue on the right, compoſed of ſix regular rows of lofty lime trees. Theſe lead to Frederickſberg, over fertile and highly cultivated fields; many of which have latterly been metamorphoſed into gardens, ſurrounding elegant and fanciful villas. Thus, this delightful avenue aſſumes an appearance, which, encouraged, will rival in taſte, and natural beauties, the firſt cities of the world.

As ſoon as the gates are opened on a Sunday afternoon,* immenſe crowds flock along this road. The

* The gates are always ſhut during divine ſervice.

avenue fills with company, who ramble to the Royal Gardens, or the village, were the ear is entertained with muſic, from every quarter. Mirth and feſtivity are univerſal and good order pervades the whole.

We entered the gardens, and paſſed ſome agreeable hours in viewing the different improvements. They are not, however, equally deſerving commendation; particularly the canal and water fall. But the grotto, which embowers the ſpring, and the ſingularly beautiful ſerpentine walks, which conduct you, as it were, through irregular paths of uncultivated nature, deſerve particular notice. The taſte here diſplayed by Mr. Hauch, the projector, is highly flattering to his talents. Let me add, this nobleman's profound reſearches in natural philoſophy, as well as his official conduct as marſhal of the court, entitle him to univerſal approbation and eſteem.

The palace ſtands on a beautiful eminence, and forms a coup d'œil, particularly attractive. Lime trees, in romantic groups, range along the declivity on the ſide facing the gardens, through the middle of which a rich lawn has been levelled down the ſlope.

The proſpects from this hill are every way pleaſing, but not equally ſtriking. If the eye wanders, in vain, for mountains, cataracts, precipices, or caſcades, the heart, at leaſt is gratified; it contemplates a country made fertile by the cheerful labors of an induſtrious peaſantry.

The proſpect from that ſide of the palace which faces Copenhagen, is the moſt intereſting.

To the left lies the avenue leading to Fredericſberg, overtopping a multitude of well contraſted houſes and gardens, which extend and vaniſh, amidſt the larger edifices of the weſtern ſuburb, The view is bounded by the ſpire of the monument.

To the right an arm of the Baltic divides Zealand from the Iſland of Amack, where innumerable flocks are ſeen to graze, giving you, at once, a clear idea of the induſtry and wealth of its inhabitants.

In the centre, Copenhagen preſents itſelf with a degree of ſplendor and grandeur difficult to be deſcribed. Its numerous towers, one of which is 380 feet high, majeſtically rear their heads above the lofty buildings ſprung up from the aſhes of that part of the city, which was deſtroyed in 1795; and are calculated to impreſs the traveller with ideas of its preſent magnificence, equal to thoſe of former times, when the gorgeous palace of Chriſtianſborg, and the ancient church of St Nicholas enriched the ſcene. But there is this eſſential difference, formerly the attraction lay in its exterior, now it is transferred to the interior; and although the maſſy piles of ruins may ſeem to derogate from its importance, the deficiency is amply ſupplied by its internal beauties.

The perſpective is enlivened by innumerable veſſels paſſing to and from the Baltic, which loſe themſelves behind Copenhagen, re-appear, and glide down the Sound, between the ſhores of Zealand and thoſe of

Sweden; which, together with the Iſle of Hveen, are alſo viſible from this hill.

The palace is not large, but it is handſome; and its delightful ſituation, and vicinity to the city, render it a moſt eligible retreat for the Prince Royal. Here, in the boſom of his family, this amiable Prince repoſes from the fatigues of an unremitted attention to the duties of his exalted ſtation. How dexterouſly he ſteers his bark along the dangerous ſhoal of politics, the world has often witneſſed with admiration.

The ſteady adherence to his word which attends all this Prince's actions has eſtabliſhed his character both as a ruler, and a man, with every judicious and impartial foreigner. But with his own countrymen it has given birth to ſentiments of confidence and attachment, which, co-operating with his exertions, bid fair to preſerve a country, whoſe real happineſs lies in its own lap.

Diſappointed ambition is completely ſilenced; deſigning malice is diveſted of its power, and the people, confident in their Supreme, look up to him with reliance, for the ſafety of their rights, and the promotion of their welfare.

The Prince married Maria, daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holſtein. Several children were the fruit of their union, of whom, the Princeſs Carolina is the only ſurvivor. She is about ten years old, but excluded from inheriting the crown by the laws of Denmark, which confine the ſucceſſion to heirs male. This has ſeveral times afforded the people grounds to evince their affection to the Prince, by

expreſſing their heartfelt regret, that the throne of Denmark was not likely to be filled by his immediate deſcendant, but it was never more lively manifeſted than on the 13th of February, 1802.

In the morning of that day the cannon announced the delivery of the princeſs. The people anxiouſly liſtened for a ſecond, and third diſcharge,* but their wiſhes were fruſtrated, and the gloom of diſappointment was evident in every face. Notwithſtanding which, when night approached, all ſacrificed their perſonal feelings. The city was illumined, and the hut emulated the palace in teſtifying cordial ſentiments of loyalty and joy.

When the Princeſs was ſufficiently recovered to go abroad, ſhe viſited the theatre. The ſtreets, through which the Royal family had to paſs, were brilliantly embelliſhed with devices, and otherwiſe diſpoſed to give eclat to the occaſion.

On the Royal perſonages entering their box, they were, quite contrary to cuſtom, greeted with the enthuſiaſtic acclamations of the audience; and at their departure from the theatre, the populace, amid thundering huzzas, ſurrounded the Royal party, with ſuch eagerneſs and impetuoſity, that the guards were compelled to recede, and ſuffer them to follow the carriage.

This circumſtance recals to my mind the reply of Frederick the Fourth, to the French Ambaſſador, when the latter, with ſurpriſe, remarked, that his Majeſty lived at his country ſeat without any guards.

* On the birth of a Prince the guns are fired three times.

"I am ſafe in the arms of my people," anſwered the King.

But the ſenſe of the people cannot be conveyed in ſtronger language, than by relating the following anecdote: "A gardener, in Norway, having injured his "private fortune through his zeal to promote the in-"tereſts of horticulture in that country, died, leaving "his family without any other means of ſupport than "their claim on the gratitude and juſtice of the pub-"lic, in whoſe welfare he had ſacrificed his all.

"Their caſe was made known, and their diſtreſs "relieved. Among others, one gentleman particular-"ly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; he ſent 50 dollars to the "poor family, in a letter concluding with theſe "words,—*Let us all hope, the approaching delivery of "the Princeſs Royal, may bleſs this country with another "Chriſtian the Fourth.*" This elegant, impreſſive note, was fully deſcriptive of the feelings of the people towards their preſent good and gallant prince; and formed a pleaſing union of humanity and loyalty.

Juſt as we were about to leave the gardens, the Prince Royal and his conſort entered them, privately, to enjoy an evening's walk free from form. The intereſting ſight detained us ſome time longer, when we purſued our way towards Roeſkilde Inn, eight miles diſtant from the metropolis. Here we ſojourned for the night, and ſet off at ſun-riſe.

Thoſe who are acquainted with what the ſtate of this country was twenty or thirty years ago, muſt exult at the change time has made for the better. To thoſe who are not, it may not, perhaps, be unintereſting to

know, how changes ſo beneficial could have been produced in ſo ſhort a period.

Formerly, when you met a peaſant driving his waggon to market, the appearance of himſelf and every thing about him, gave you an idea of forced obedience. Inſtead of alacrity, you ſaw ſullenneſs on his brow; inſtead of the cheerful huſbandman, whiſtling with the fruits of his labor, to a market, you beheld a ſlave toiling for a mercileſs maſter. Encouraged by no one, but oppreſſed by many, he dragged his unwilling ſteps ſlowly along, reluctantly yielding to the ſtrong neceſſity which robbed him of his beſt produce, to ſatisfy the unfeeling claims of thoſe, whoſe only merit was the accidental ſuperiority of their birth; ſo that the fruit of his toils was certain ruin. If he dared to remonſtrate, he was chaſtiſed; if his lands did not thrive he was called lazy, and turned out of his farm by the lord of the manor. If induſtrious, and his farm improved, he was diſmiſſed by my lady, who always found out ſome deſerving favorite to reap the rewards of this poor man's induſtry. His old age was uncheered by the fruits of thoſe trees he had planted in his youth; and his death-bed unconſoled by the comforts he might have left his children.

Such, and numberleſs other, abuſes, at length, made the peaſant ſupine, ſpiritleſs, and unfit for enterpriſe. The gloom extended to every thing around him, the houſes, lands, cattle, all were tinctured with his wretchedneſs.

When I, therefore, reflect on his miſerable lot, I cannot ſufficiently reſpect and admire thoſe proprietors

of lands whoſe philanthropy was aroufed in his behalf. I paſs with ſilent reverence every ſtone by which the freed peaſants mark the bleſſing, and their gratitude to their deliverer. Such an one is now juſt before me; it was erected in honour of M. Laſſen, Councellor of Juſtice, and proprietor of Cathrinebierg.

Vaſſalage was aboliſhed. The lands were parcelled out in lots, upon which farm houſes were erected, and thoſe peaſant's only remained in the village whoſe lands were contiguous. This arrangement made the peaſant his own maſter.* He could now act according to his own judgment; he had merely his own benefit to conſult; not that of others; ſtill, when it is conſidered, how prevalent the influence of ancient uſage is over the mind, it will not be difficult to ſuppoſe, that in this alteration, evils, at leaſt imaginary, obtruded themſelves. The change, therefore, rather depreſſed than encouraged the peaſant, who found himſelf in a dilemma from which he knew not how to extricate himſelf. He was tranſplanted, as it were, into a different ſoil. He quitted a farm of which he knew the good and bad qualities, and was inveſted with, perhaps, ſome ſterile ſpot, or an allotment of a common. But now an agricultural ſociety was formed, which rewarded individual exertions in huſbandry.

This reſpectable body brought the peaſants to a ſenſe of the ſolid advantages they poſſeſſed in the

* When partnerſhip among the peaſants exiſted, they met every Sunday, to conſult on the ways in which they ſhould perform their work in the different ſeaſons. The will of the majority was deciſive.

change, and made them comprehend, that the welfare and comforts of every man were within his own power. The peaſants were arouſed from their torpidity; activity and diligence took the lead, and aiming at ſucceſs, they attained it.

While indulging theſe reflections, cheered by the ſmiling fertility of the ſurrounding country, we imperceptibly reached the valley, in which Roeskilde, the moſt ancient town of Zealand, is ſituated. As it has been conſtantly on the decline, nothing particular can be ſaid in its favor, except what its pleaſant ſituation claims. It is built on a branch of the Jiſefiord, the banks of which form a ſtriking contraſt. To the left are vaſt foreſts of oak, through which, at intervals, various ſpires and ſteeples ſteal upon the view, and to the right lie innumerable corn fields, interſperſed with inſulated farms.

We entered the town; and put up at the ſign of the Prince, where a cheerful-looking landlady welcomed us with much good humor. Having reſted a little, we walked out to view the town, and particularly the Cathedral, which contains the remains of all our Royal family for ages paſt. The building, though very extenſive, has been increaſed by a mauſoleum, for the reception of future kings.

We beheld the reſting place of Chriſtian the Fourth, a king who held the balance of juſtice in equal ſcales; who conſulted, in all things, the good of his ſubjects; he was happy in an honorable peace, but when provoked by injuries, the firſt to meet dangers in maintaining the rights of his people. His virtues have procured him the ſurname of Great.

In the 14th year of his age he presided in the Supreme Court of Justice, when three noblemen were tried for having assaulted, and maimed another of their rank, the peers attempted to extenuate the offence, and pretended that it was not cognizable by the laws.

"Is there no passage in the code," demanded Christian, "to punish such a crime?"

The Chancellor replied in the negative; but added, that the laws of Schonen ordained, "that if any one "shall cut off both the hands of a slave, the offender "shall pay three marks, and make compensation to "to his master."

The peers, interrupting him, contended, that the laws of Schonen were not the laws of Jutland; that those quoted by the Chancellor were obsolete, having been written in the days of slavery.

"What," rejoined the king, "shall a slave in Scho-"nen be protected, and a nobleman in Jutland have no "right? When men of rank shew the world they "have neither virtue nor honor, by perpetrating foul "offences, they shall forfeit that rank they are no lon-"ger worthy to hold, and pay a fine. This do we "adjudge."

Whether in the closet, in the field, or on the sea, Christian was invariably great. Happy would it have been for Denmark, had his plan been adopted of ridding himself of foreign adventurers, who have since been a scourge to the country.

A merchant from Hamburgh presented a proposal for some grand plan to the king, who received it, but returned no answer. The merchant, at length, grew

importunate, and addreſſed a letter to His Majeſty, requeſting, if he ſhould not approve his project, that he would not diſcloſe it to any one.

Chriſtian, aware of the German's fineſſe, whoſe object was to attach confidence to himſelf and his plans, returned him all his papers, with this reply, in German, "Can you keep a ſecret? I can."

But in his 68th year, Chriſtian the Fourth added everlaſting glory to his name. He commanded, in perſon, thirty ſeven ſhips of war, and ſailed for the Baltic in purſuit of the Swediſh fleet, under Admiral Fleming. They met.

During the engagement a ball killed or wounded twelve or thirteen perſons immediately around the King, and a ſplinter ſtruck out his right eye. His Majeſty fell down ſenſeleſs; upon which a ſailor exclaimed, "All is loſt! The King is killed!" "Never mind "that," cried another, "the King was but one man!" The Royal Tar recovering at this moment, looked up, and ſaid, "You are right, my good fellow, I am but "one man."

The wound was dreſſed, and a white handkerchief* bound acroſs his Majeſty's forehead, which he covered with a red cap; and continued on the quarter deck, commanding till midnight, when the enemy gladly retreated.

This outline may, perhaps, ſhew how deſervedly dear the name of Chriſtian the Fourth is to the Daniſh nation.

* The handkerchief is ſtill preſerved, as a great curioſity, in the Palace of Roſenborg, at Copenhagen.

We left the church to visit the springs, from which this town derives its name. The water is so excellent, that it is conveyed by pipes to the palace of Christiansborg, a distance of sixteen miles; where a pump is erected for the sole accommodation of those who choose to pay for it.

Having seen every thing worthy our attention, we returned to our good humoured hostess, who confirmed the favourable presentiment we had formed. We were well served, charged reasonably, and left the Inn highly pleased with our entertainment.

We now directed our route towards Hilleroed, a market town famous for a castle called Fredericksborg. After having proceeded a considerable way, it occurred to me, that we might, by taking the circuitous route through Horn's Herred, have surveyed Jaegerspriis, a country seat belonging to Prince Frederick. The Prince has erected monuments, in his gardens, to those great men, who have, in their different capacities, signalized themselves for the good and glory of their country. From that place we would have recrossed the branch of the Jisefiord, and come to Frederickswaerk, an extensive cannon Foundry, established by the late General Classen. But as my friend seemed to cherish no particular disposition for undertaking that journey, we pursued the plan we had originally set out with.

The numerous spires of the castle of Frederickshorg now appeared in the horizon, and we mounted an eminence whence we beheld the gothic castle, as it were, floating in the lake below. The town of Hille-

roed occupies one ſide of the banks, and preſents a very pictureſque ſcene. There are gardens to all the houſes, which ſlope down to the water's edge; while the other ſide diſplays corn fields in high cultivation, mingled with avenues, and cloſed by woods that confine the view to a very limited compaſs.

The town is ſmall and inconſiderable, yet much viſited on account of the ſingular caſtle, whoſe majeſtic appearance excites univerſal admiration.

It now preſented itſelf to our view; our curioſity increaſed with every ſtep we took, but the fatigue of our day's journey was ſtill more prevalent, and we deferred the ſurvey till morning.

It happened to be Sunday; we proceeded to the gratification of our wiſhes. Approaching the caſtle, we were ſurpriſed to ſee various indentures on the gate, which were gilt, and ſcattered over the ſurface. On inquiry, we found they were intended to repreſent impreſſions of childrens' feet, and that the fancy originated in the following anecdote:

When King Chriſtian the Fourth declared his intention to erect this building in the lake, his miniſters, and officers of ſtate, ventured to argue with His Majeſty on the impoſſibility of the undertaking. But the King perſiſted in his deſign, which every one ridiculed as a childiſh attempt, and the caſtle was completed; when he, to perpetuate his ſpirit for enterpriſe and perſeverance, cauſed theſe marks to be imprinted on the gate.

The number of ſpires which riſe from this ſtupendous edifice are ſaid to be 365, which, together with

its maſſy walls, the ſtillneſs and ſolemnity of the place, and the confuſed chattering of immenſe flocks of jackdaws, which inhabit the towers, filled me with ſtrange ſenſations.

It being the hour for divine ſervice, I propoſed that we ſhould go to church, and afterwards return to the caſtle. The church is a very neat building, and its interior preſents a ſingular ſpectacle, the walls being lined with an incredible number of the eſcutcheons of our nobility.

"Pray gentlemen," civilly aſked a man who concluded we were ſtrangers, "do you wiſh to ſee our "Saviour? We thanked him, and ſaid, "Yes." He conducted us to a heavy maſs of ſilver, modelled in the form of Chriſt. "There were," continued the man, "his twelve apoſtles, but they are gone away. "When Charles the 9th, of Sweden, poſſeſſed him- "ſelf of great part of the iſland, including the caſtle, "he carried them off, ſaying to our Saviour,"—"*You "may ſtay, but your diſciples ſhall go into the world for "the benefit of mankind.*"

From church we proceeded to ſurvey the interior of the caſtle, which, however, preſented nothing to engage our attention, excepting the peaſant maid who ſhewed us the apartments; her ſingular dreſs and manners viſibly intereſted my friend. Nor was I leſs pleaſed with the faſcinating ſimplicity of her whole appearance, ſo ſuperior to the imitations of our daſhing belles, who, at times, borrow the ruſtic garb, but cannot complete the metamorphoſis by aſſuming the ruſtic's peculiar graces.

Her petticoat was of green taffeta; her pale pink ſilk corſet which being made to her ſhape, diſplayed all the ſymmetry of her fine form; while a ſilken cap, entwined with gold, ſat cloſe to her face, juſt permitting her features to peep forth, and expreſs a countenance which the fancy of no painter could equal.—My friend kindly aſked her a very natural queſtion; ſhe caſt down her fine blue eyes, and with a ſigh anſwered, ſhe had NOW no friend; "He fell," ſaid ſhe, "laſt year in the battle, yet I grieve not ſo much for "myſelf; he died for his country,—it was a noble "end,—but he might have become a firm ſupporter of "my aged parents, if diſtreſs ſhould ever befal them." We noticed to her, that ſhe had as juſt a claim as others to benefit by the general ſubſcription.* Her reply won my heart. "There are widows, orphans, "and wounded enough," anſwered this lovely daughter of ſimplicity, "to ſhare the juſt reward of their "grateful country; my parents will ſoon leave this "world, and honeſty, with induſtry, will help me "through it." Had I been a painter, the portrait of this affecting girl ſhould have graced this page!

The leading people here have formed a club, beſides, what they call in Denmark, a ſociety for ſhooting at the bird. He who brings down the numbered piece of iron† which covers the lower part of the bird's

* Several young women whoſe lovers were killed in the battle, applied for, and received relief from the committee of the patriotic fund.

† The ſeveral parts of the bird are covered with iron, differently numbered, and though all the wood may be ſhot away, no prize is adjudged before the numbered iron comes down.

body, receives the higheſt prize, and is entitled *Bird King* for the enſuing year. But the prize, which is of no great value, and the honor of wearing about two yards of green ribband, are poor compenſations to the winner for the expenſe of the ſplendid entertainment, which cuſtom has made a law, on his elevation to this dignity. People, therefore, of good ſenſe, or moderate fortune, uſually decline the expenſive honors attendant on ſucceſs, and fire at random when they find the bird almoſt ready to fall.

The next object to attract our attention was the Royal ſtud, which is bred in this neighbourhood. I can ſay nothing in favor of it, as the horſes are neither ſo handſome as thoſe of Funen, nor ſo ſtrong as thoſe of Jutland. The original ſtock has been ſo often croſſed by Engliſh, Spaniſh, and Arabian horſes, that the breed which this practice was deſigned to improve, is very much degenerated Their colts are puny and feeble from their birth; defects, which the idleneſs they are reared in, till at the age of four and five years, is ſaid to increaſe. This I am the more inclined to believe, as farmers, and others, by croſſing their breed with the Royal ſtock, have produced colts of a very ſuperior quality. But theſe people put their horſes to work when two years old, which requiring additional food, gives them additional vigour. This is corroborated by the Rev. Mr. Hoegh, in his excellent Treatiſe on eſtabliſhing an improved Syſtem of Agriculture in Denmark.

Having paſſed two very pleaſant days at Hilleroed, we proceeded to Fredenſborg, taking the road which

winds along the remains of the beautiful oak wood, whoſe foliage once hid the village of Groenholt.

The late king was extremely partial to the chaſe, and it was his cuſtom to hunt the ſtag in this wood, *par force*, (as they term it in Denmark). At his death the ſtags diminiſhed, the oaks diſappeared, and the weary traveller ſeeks with difficulty a ſhelter from the ſcorching ſun.

The ploughman now traverſes thoſe paths where formerly the gaudy pageant paſſed; he turns up the glebe, roots out the remains of the fallen oak, and prepares the ſoil for agriculture. Still we endeavour to ſhew our regret for the loſt woods, by ſupplying new plantations, but the trees for twenty years to come will only maintain the appellation they have borne theſe ten years paſt, that of fine ſhrubs. In ſhort, we have proved, that it is much eaſier to deſtroy than to raiſe; and I do not ſee what can ſave our poſterity from ſuffering the extremity of cold.

The economical ſociety lately eſtabliſhed at Copenhagen may, perhaps, reſcue the remnants of our woods from total deſtruction, if it ſucceeds in eſtabliſhing a regular importation of coals from the Faro iſles. But the ſociety is in its infancy, and the apprehenſions they entertain of not being able to carry their point, deter many from venturing on the undertaking. Hitherto they have only been able to ſend one ſhip annually to thoſe iſlands for coals. Much public ſpirit is wanted to give vigour to the plan, and much more to remove the obſtacles which, at preſent, impede its ſucceſs. The moſt formidable is, that the Engliſh have the

power to underſell us in that article, as thoſe trading to the Baltic ballaſt many of their veſſels with coals; and diſcharge them at Copenhagen. The voyage is ſcarcely impeded by this little delay, which ſeldom exceeds fourteen days, and that is amply repaid by the freight of the cargo. While, as our ſhips muſt be fitted out purpoſely for this voyage, it uſually extends to four or five months, and depends for all expenſes on the ſucceſs of a ſingle cargo.

On entering the village of Groenholt, we obſerved a ſtork's neſt on the church, which we found engroſſed the intereſt of the whole village. There were two birds, and the ruſtics carefully provide them materials to build with, and guard them from the wanton pranks of the miſchievous. One of them flew over our heads with food for its companion, which was perched upon the back of the church, tending her young brood.

The bell now ſtruck eight, and we had a long road before us; but the evening being extremely fine, and my friend making the propoſition, we determined on ſeeking a ſupper in one of the cottages.

We entered beneath a neat-looking roof, and having made known our wiſhes to a clean, tidy-looking woman, ſhe gave us a hearty welcome. Every thing we ſaw diſplayed the attentive houſewife, and increaſed our good will for our hoſteſs. On an oaken table ſhe ſpread a clean cloth and ſerved up ſupper, conſiſting of a diſh of four milk ſtrewed with grated rye bread, and powdered ſugar, bread, freſh butter, and ſome new laid eggs. Appetite ſeaſoned this ſimple repaſt.

While we ſat at ſupper, a hale, hearty man, entered the room, whom we found to be our hoſt, led me to tranſpoſe the beautiful lines of Gray:

> " The buſy houſewife ply'd her evening care,
> " The children ran to liſp their ſire's return,
> " And climb his knee, the envied kiſs to ſhare."

Shortly after, a grey headed man joined us; he was the father of our hoſteſs, and had been many years ſince a ſoldier. The veteran placed himſelf in an armed chair. Cheerfulneſs ſat on his brow, and his old age was a perfect picture of content. He began a lively converſation, related anecdotes of the ſervice, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the new regulations, which do away the old eſtabliſhed cuſtom of enliſting Germans for our army. " Could any thing be " more diſgraceful," he exclaimed, indignantly, " than " our reſorting to foreign aid? as if we who are born " on, and enjoy the fruits of, this ſoil, were deemed " unable to defend it. And to what purpoſe, after " all, did this foreign aid tend? Is it not probable, " that we ſhould have had more trouble in preventing " mercenaries from deſerting, than we ſhould have " found difficulty in oppoſing the enemy? I will re- " late an anecdote," continued the old man, in an animated tone, " of which I was an eye witneſs, to cor- " roborate my argument:

" When our troops marched to Holſtein to oppoſe " the Ruſſians, (whoſe intended plans were given up " on account of the death of the Emperor Peter the " Third) we encamped in expectation of meeting the

" enemy. Our German soldiers deserted in such mul-
" titudes, that the Commanding Officer found it un-
" safe to entrust the out-posts to any but natives; and
" an order was issued, that no soldier should stray more
" than a certain distance from the camp. One even-
" ing, a German, wishing to follow his countrymen,
" had already exceeded the limited bounds, when he
" was hailed by a Norwegian sentry," 'Who goes
" there?' " The German making no reply, the sentry
" levelled his piece, and shot him; the report causing
" an alarm in the camp, the circumstances soon reach-
" the ears of the Prince of Bernburg, who immediate-
" ly went to the sentinel, commended his vigilance,
" and offered him a handful of ducats, but the brave
" Norwegian stedfastly refused the reward, assuring
" the Prince, he did not shoot men for money. The
" Prince, however, persisting to urge him, he, at
" length, took one ducat, which he said he would keep
" to shew his countrymen, he had received a present
" from a prince.*

It was near eleven when we broke up, and asked for the reckoning, but our good host would not be prevailed upon to receive any remuneration. We left the cottage highly impressed with this hospitality, and proceeded to Fredensborg, which we reached about

* This anecdote is also related in *Store og gode Handlinger af Danske, Norske og Holsteenere, samlede ved Ove Malling* (Great and good deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteinians, collected by Ove Malling, a work, which, in plain unembellished language, records those noble traits which grace the history of our country, and forms an invaluable acquisition to the literature of Denmark.

twelve o'clock. The diſtance was ſcarcely two miles, but the night was uncommonly fine; and as we have in our iſland, no apprehenſion of robbers, we indulged the ſcene at our leiſure.

Fredenſborg, ſituated on the Lake of Eſrom, which is one of the largeſt in the iſland, forms a very conſiderable village. It is ſurrounded by woods, and from its exquiſite ſituation has been adorned with a Royal Palace, which, though at preſent uninhabited, ranks with the more elegant order of buildings. Its gardens are extremely beautiful; the lawn, abounding with figures from the heathen mythology, fronts the palace, and ſlopes down to the lake. But the moſt intereſting ſpot is the Norwegian Dale, ornamented with a double circle of ſtatues in Norwegian marble, which repreſent the various coſtumes of Norway. Nature and art ſeem to have rivaled each other in rendering this place enchanting. Their combined efforts were once felt and enjoyed, but, at preſent, they appear to have loſt all their attraction. The gardens are little frequented, and the village, which formerly reſembled a bee-hive, is now diſmal, and in the extreme inactive.

At the extremity of the lake, which is about ſix miles long, ſtands Eſrom.

An attempt on an extenſive ſcale has been made here to improve the native breed of ſheep, by croſſing them with thoſe of England and Spain.

In the year 1799, Mr. Nielſen, maſter of the ſtud at Frederickſborg, was ſent to Spain, whence he returned with upwards of 300 rams and ewes, which were ſent down to Eſrom, where they had previouſly

collected great numbers of Engliſh ſheep. The firſt year was very fatal to the lambs, which died in heaps, from being dropped ſo early as Chriſtmas. But now the undertaking goes on ſucceſsfully, indeed, if we may conclude from the abilities of Mr. Nielſon, and Profeſſor Viborg, the benefits to ariſe from this new ſyſtem, are likely to exceed all expectation.* A conſiderable number of lambs are ſold yearly, at the fixed price of ten dollars each. Upon the whole, there is not the ſmalleſt apprehenſion, that this eſtabliſhment will ſuffer a fate ſimilar to that at Lynggaarden, which has been for ſome time aboliſhed.

We next croſſed the country towards Elſineur, which we reached about ſun-ſet. It is impoſſible to comprehend the beauties of this proſpect on a fine ſummer's day, without having ſeen it. We aſcended a riſing hillock to delight our eyes with the charming ſcenery around. The town lay immediately beneath, and a little beyond it the ancient Caſtle of Cronborg. The Sound preſented itſelf covered with an immenſe number of ſhipping, and the ſhores of Sweden diſplayed the Town of Helſingborg, which afforded us a moſt brilliant ſpectacle, the ſun reverberating its rays on the windows, by which, the houſes aſſumed the appear-

* A treatiſe has been written to promote the views of this inſtitution, by Meſſrs. Abillgaard and Viborg, both Profeſſors in the veterinery ſchool at Copenhagen, which contains much valuable information relative to the natural hiſtory of ſheep, in its various departments; on the management of wool, and ſkins; qualities as to food; incidental defects, and diſtempers; with the means of preventing degeneration, and of meliorating the breeds, by the introduction of the Frieſland, Iceland, Faro, Engliſh, and Spaniſh ſpecies.

ance of one continued blaze. To this magnificent view, the clearneſs of the calm evening very materially contributed, the objects approaching nearer in ſemblance than in reality.

At this moment the bells of Cronborg chimed nine. The flag of the guard ſhip was hauled down, and a ſolitary ſhot bade farewell to the ſetting ſun. We left our poſt, and walked on towards the town.

Elſineur is the ſecond town in our iſland, and if the ſpectator were to calculate on the activity and buſtle viſible in every corner of it, he would eſtimate its number of inhabitants at many thouſands. The fact, however, is, they ſcarcely exceed five.

It needs little penetration to diſcover to whom this town chiefly owes its proſperity. Every thing tells you, and if it were not for the flag on the caſtle which informs you it is Denmark, you would fancy yourſelf in England. This reſemblance in the exterior is verified with ſtill greater exactneſs in the interior. Many of the inhabitants are Britons born, they naturally retain the manners and cuſtoms of their country, and thoſe who are not, take peculiar delight in wiſhing to appear like Engliſhmen.

In the ſummer ſeaſon the livelineſs and cheerfulneſs of this town, comparatively, far ſurpaſſes Copenhagen, but during the winter Elſineur puts on a very ſombre garb, the navigation being ſhut up for four or five months. Yet the inhabitants are not at a loſs to amuſe themſelves; they form clubs, give balls, and contrive to kill time. There is no regular theatre; now and then a Swediſh company of itinerant players make a

halt, as do the Germans, who torture us inceſſantly with miſerable fragments of the dramatic art; but latterly, Mr. Schwartz, of the Theatre Royal, at Copenhagen, has obtained a licence to perform plays in Zealand, generally, and we have every thing to hope from the abilities of an actor who has long deſervedly claimed the approbation of the metropolis.

In order to form a clear idea of the buſineſs tranſacted at Elſineur, you muſt repair to the bridge, which is conſtantly filled with merchants, clerks, and boatmen, on the look out for every new arrival. The alacrity prevalent here is wonderful; the moment a veſſel is diſcernible, the boatmen put off, contending with each other who ſhall firſt reach the ſhip, but they often labor in vain, when the captain chooſes to go aſhore in his own boat. On his arrival at the bridge there is as much contention among the merchants to get the firſt ſight of him, to welcome him, and to entreat the management of his affairs, ſhould he not be recommended to any particular houſe.

As I walked on the bridge I accidentally met with a man whom I had ſeen once before. My admiration and eſteem for him would induce me to attempt his eulogium, but the higheſt juſtice that can be done to his character, I conceive, will be, in giving my reader a ſimple narrative of his actions, and leaving his merits to the public deciſion.

Lars Bagge, a boatman of Elſineur, happened to be at Copenhagen in the year 1801, when the memorable third day of November dawned with a moſt tremendous hurricane; it ſeemed as if the elements had

conſpired to produce a ſecond chaos. The vivid flaſhes of the lightning diſplayed many a diſmaſted veſſel toſſing on the angry waves in the offing; and the reports, at intervals, of ſolitary guns, proclaimed the mariners' diſtreſs. When day had rendered objects more diſtinct, a brig was obſerved ſtranded on the ſhoal, under the battery of the Three Crowns. She lay almoſt on her beam-ends, and the wretched crew were ſeen extending their arms towards heaven from the ſhrouds, whither they had taken refuge. They were eight in number, and had been many hours in this dreadful uncertainty, ſuſpended between hope and eternity. The cabin-boy being ſoon exhauſted, was waſhed overboard; while his companions exerted themſelves beyond conception to preſerve their hold.

It chanced that the captain had paſſed the preceding day aſhore, but, alarmed at the convulſion of nature, he haſtened down to the beach, and there beheld the awful ſcene. He immediately offered a large recompenſe to any who would undertake to ſave his people; and a merchant, named Staal Hagen, from motives of pure humanity, promiſed an additional reward for their reſcue. For a length of time, money, even, could not bribe any one to the hardy enterprize; at laſt, however, ſome boatmen of Copenhagen bargained for ſo much a head, and having conſented to make the attempt, puſhed off. But as the wind blew directly into the mouth of the port, the boat was toſſed to and fro, and the boatmen having ſet ſail too ſoon, were compelled to ſeek for ſafety from the fury of the weather in the firſt creek they could make.

Lars Bagge having juſt arrived when the boatmen ſet off, remained a ſilent ſpectator, but as ſoon as he ſaw the unſkilful men give up their purſuit, he jumped into his own boat, which was large, and invited five others of his comrades to follow his laudable example. They inſtantly followed, and without having ſpoken to any one, without ſolicitation, without the promiſe of reward, the gallant Lars Bagge and his brave aſſociates, voluntarily expoſed their lives in the cauſe of humanity.

They purſued their courſe as cloſe in ſhore as poſſible, till by dint of rowing they doubled the point, and were in a fair direction for the wreck. They now ſpread their canvaſs, and advanced rapidly towards their object, which they ſucceſsfully reached, when the ſeven ſailors ſprung into his boat and were brought in ſafety to the ſhore.

On Lars Bagge's landing after this noble exertion to ſave his fellow creatures, Mr. Staal Hagen, wiſhing to reward his philanthropic ſpirit, preſented him with a bank note of a hundred dollars, and thus addreſſed him:

"Receive this, my honeſt friend, not as the reward "of your virtues, which God alone can recompenſe, "but as a mark of my particular eſteem."

Bagge, ſomewhat aſtoniſhed at the offer, replied, —"Worthy Sir, in what I have done, I was not in- "fluenced by any deſire of gain; I have ſimply per- "formed my duty as a man; but though I cannot ac- "cept of your kindneſs, my gratitude ſhall be equally "great."

Due thanks, from thoſe preſent, were offered to the worthy Bagge, and the modeſty with which he re-

ceived theſe teſtimonials of general approbation, ſerved but to increaſe their eſteem and gratitude.

I was a witneſs of this noble tranſaction, and therefore conſtantly picture to my fancy the intereſting groupe as they ſtood! I ſee the grateful eyes of Bagge raiſed up to heaven! I behold a hero laureled, not for having killed, but for having ſaved his fellow creatures! Oh! that the human race would only joy in ſuch a ſpectacle! That brotherly affection would again unite man to man, and ſuffering humanity be releaſed from all its pangs!

While Lars Bagge and his comrades, ſtood in the midſt of an applauding crowd, thoſe daſtardly wretches returned, who had attempted to go out, not from motives of humanity, but of gain. Let them be left to their upbraiding conſciences!

Now Bagge retired, rewarded by the bleſſings of all good men, and ſtill more by his own feelings. But our excellent Prince Royal hearing what had happened, ordered a medal of merit to be preſented to Bagge, on whom he alſo ſettled a penſion, and gave a ſum of money to thoſe who had aſſiſted him. An artiſt engraved the portrait of Bagge, which was eagerly ſought after by all claſſes of people; and Profeſſor Rahbek, wrote, in the Daniſh Spectator, an eulogy on Bagge, and the worthy merchant Staal Hagen.

Some time after, another opportunity was preſented to Lars Bagge, in which he again diſplayed his zeal for the honor of the national character, and for the benefit of mankind.

A ſhip drove on ſhore in the vicinity of Elſineur, and was deſerted by her crew. It blew a perfect hurricane, but Bagge watched for a moment when the ſtorm ſhould abate a little, and put off with a few others, who aſſiſted him to bring the veſſel ſafe into port. Shortly afterwards, the tempeſt raged with increaſing fury, ſo that the veſſel would have been inevitably loſt.

On this occaſion his townſmen had an opportunity of witneſſing his wonted boldneſs. He reſtored the veſſel and cargo ſafe to the maſter, who, by the loſs would have been reduced to extreme poverty.

This new exploit of Lars Bagge ſoon reached Copenhagen; upon which the merchants aſſembled, and publicly adjudged him a token of their eſteem. It was a ſilver coffee pot, with an appropriate inſcription; accompanied by a handſome letter, wherein they expreſſed the fulneſs of their regard and gratitude towards him.

Noble Lars Bagge! if thou ſhouldſt ever be informed of this my humble ſketch, thou wilt peruſe the page which faithfully deſcribes thy ſuperior virtues, and pardon me for having related to this great and good nation, actions not leſs valued for the profeſſion of the man who performed them! A profeſſion, alike the glory of Denmark and of Britain.

It was very much our wiſh to have taken a ſurvey of Cronborg; but the late orders were ſo ſtrict, that it is impoſſible to get acceſs to the caſtle. We were, therefore, obliged to content ourſelves with admiring its noble gothic turrets, towering above the fortifica-

tions. A traveller, who viſited this fort in 1793, informs us, he found the ſentry boxes lying upon the ground, and the ſoldiers aſleep in them; at the ſame time obſerving, that he could eaſily take it with two ſail of the line and five hundred determined men; but I, at leaſt, might aver, that the outſide of the fortifications is ſo formidable, that the gentleman who made this aſſertion would now be as little able to take the fort, as we are to prevent a fleet from paſſing the Sound, the breadth of which, as meaſured at the inſtance of the Royal Society of Sciences, at Copenhagen, in the year 1796, is about four miles. That ſhips may paſs without the leaſt injury from the fort, was fully proved in 1801, when none of the Britiſh, except the headmoſt, returned the fire.

The palace Marienlyſt, belonging to the Prince Royal, but never occupied by him, ſtands in the ſuburbs. It is built on a ſteep hill, interſected with winding roads, which reach the ſummit, and are neatly laid out in terraces: on one of theſe we took our ſeat.

As it is uſual in times of peace for the Engliſh ſhips to paſs ſingly, or in ſmall diviſions, we could not expect to be gratified with a repetition of the magnificent ſpectacle of four or five hundred veſſels going through the Sound at the ſame moment; however, we indulged the picture in miniature; fortunately, about thirty ſail, from the North Sea, were coming then in ſight. The wind being aft, and blowing a briſk gale, they rapidly approached the Sound. We ſoon diſtinguiſhed a ſhip of war among them, which particularly drew our attention, as we knew ſhe could not be Engliſh.

With the help of a ſpy-glaſs I diſcovered her to be the Naiad, of thirty-ſix guns, from her peculiar conſtruction. This frigate was the firſt ſhip built in 1796, on the plan of the ingenious Captain Holdenberg, who may very deſervedly be called the Reſtorer of our Navy. Her ſtern, in particular, differs from all others, having neither cabin windows nor quarter galleries. There are merely two port holes abaft, glazed, to admit light. Ships of war ſhould be planned for utility, not for the accommodation of large parties; however contracted and inconvenient, therefore, this ſort of cabin may appear, it is eſſential to the good of the ſervice.

The command of this frigate was given to Captain Steen Bille, and went her firſt voyage to the Mediterranean. Differences having afterwards ariſen between Denmark and Tripoli, which ended in a rupture, the Naiad was ſtationed off Tripoli, in company with the Thetis of forty-four guns, a brig of eighteen guns, and a hired xebec of ſix. In the harbour ſix frigates and a xebec lay ready for ſea, but feared to venture out, till the Thetis being detached to Malta; the enemy conſidered this a fit opportunity to act offenſively. Their forts opened a heavy fire on our little ſquadron, which was cruiſing as cloſe in ſhore as poſſible, but Bille ſoon cauſed them to repent.

Having formed his project, he aſked the pilot, in a caſual way, if it were poſſible to bring the frigate into action with the ſhipping in the harbour. The pilot, who was a man of experience and judgment, anſwered in the affirmative. Nothing now could reſtrain the impatience of Bille, and his gallant crew heartily ſe-

conding his wiſhes, they ſhaped their courſe accordingly. Soon after, the Naiad ſtruck on a bank, but this misfortune only ſerved to heighten their ardor. She was ſoon afloat again, and preſently the engagement commenced, which was crowned with all the ſucceſs the intrepidity and bravery of our tars deſerved. The havoc was dreadful on board the enemy's ſhips; they loſt ſeveral hundred men, while we, from ſupeſtior ſkill in manœuvering, eſcaped with only one man wounded. Meanwhile, the enemy's Vice Admiral got under weigh, in order to capture the brig and xebec, which, in fact, ſo far from aſſiſting, were only an hindrance to the Naiad.

It is well known, that veſſels of low conſtruction, light guns, and with few hands on board, are not altogether the fitteſt ſhips to combat a Barbarian man of war which always carries ſuch immenſe numbers of men. Bille ſeeing the danger his companions were expoſed to from the crowded decks of the Barbarian, was obliged to give up a certain triumph to ſave them, and although one of the enemy's ſhips which he engaged was about to ſtrike, haſtened to relieve his friends. A lucky ſhot, however, from the Naiad, carrying away the Vice-admiral's bowſprit, crowded with men ready for boarding the brig, aſſiſtance became unneceſſary. Meanwhile Bille kept up a running fight with the other ſhips, which were all under weigh, but ſeeing the fate of their Vice-Admiral, prudently declined further purſuit.

Evening coming on, Bille was unable to reſume the conflict, and reluctantly quitted the harbour; having,

by this action, confirmed the good opinion entertained of his frigate, ſaved two of our ſhips from deſtruction, and, above all, preſerved the glory which our ancient naval heroes have tranſmitted to us untarniſhed.

The following day a flag of truce was ſent by the Dey, to invite Bille on ſhore, when an honor was conferred on him never before ſhewn to any European officer. The guns on the ramparts ſaluted him on his landing; and he was received moſt obligingly by the Dey, who requeſted the loan of ſome carpenters to refit his diſabled ſhips. The requeſt was granted.

Captain Bille, for the re-eſtabliſhment of peace, went on an embaſſy to the Emperor of Morocco.

The great ſervices rendered to his country by this excellent and deſerving officer, were not unrewarded. The King of Denmark made him a Chamberlain. The King of Sweden created him a Knight of the Sword, and the merchants of Copenhagen voted him an elegant ſervice of plate. His officers were promoted, and medals diſtributed to thoſe of his crew who had been particularly diſtinguiſhed for their exertions.

The next morning we left Elſineur, taking the road which runs along the coaſt. On either ſide we beheld fiſhing towns, gentlemen's ſeats, farms, woods, grouping indiſcriminately, and preſenting a moſt beautiful contraſt to the naked ſhores of Schonen. Having ſet out early, we enjoyed the pleaſure of our walk with every additional ſatisfaction a fine morning could give it. By noon we reached Hirſchholm, an inſignificant hamlet, which derives its name from the adjacent palace, built by Chriſtian the Sixth, on the ſpot where

his valiant queen, by perſonal proweſs, overcame a ſtag. The ſituation of this decaying palace is ſo low, that the roof is on a level with the high road. It affords a ſtriking example of the ſingularity of that monarch, who impatiently ſought the gratification of every trifling whim, or capricious humor. When I reflect on his reign, I cannot avoid ſmiling at the manner in which German travellers ſpeak of his public works, by comparing the preſent ſtate of Denmark with the days of Chriſtian the Sixth, who erected the Palace of *Chriſtianſborg* without burthening his people with the expenſe; they ſtudiouſly infer the inequality of our means, and loudly tell the world our ſtate is on the decline. Nothing, however, but German ſagacity could deviſe ſo empty a conjecture, and to their ſolicitude our country is indebted for many an aſſertion equally vague and unfounded. To ſhew on whom theſe gentlemen let fall their panegyrics, I ſhall exhibit the character of that king.

When the queſtion of Spaniſh ſucceſſion agitated Europe, in the life time of his father, Frederick the Fourth, 12000 Daniſh troops were taken into the pay of England and Holland, and 6000 into that of the Emperor. Theſe men, animated by the glorious example of their ſovereign, fought bravely, and gained the admiration not only of their allies, but of the world, to the immortal honor of their country.

"I rely on the Danes," ſaid Prince Eugene, at the ſiege of Tournai; "they are brave men, and undaunt-"edly maintain their poſts.!" The Duke of Marlborough paid them a ſtill higher compliment, when he

told the States General, who wiſhed to preſerve ſome of the Flemiſh countries from having troops quartered in them, "I have given my word to quarter the Danes "there, and will keep it," ſaid that hero; "had it "not been for theſe brave men, probably we ſhould "not have been ſitting where we are."

"As ſoon as we have taken ſome ſlight refreſhment," the ſame Duke wrote to Frederick the Fourth, after the battle of Ramilies, "we ſhall advance againſt "the enemy relying upon heaven and our valiant "troops, particularly thoſe of your Majeſty, who, to "a man, generals, officers, and ſoldiers, have diſ-"tinguiſhed themſelves in the battle, and merited all "the commendation I can beſtow; nay, if I may ſay "it, all the eſteem your majeſty can feel for them."

About the ſame time, Frederick received a letter from Queen Anne, of England, to thank him for the ſervices his gallant troops had rendered her, She gave them the title of INVINCIBLE, and expreſſed her aſtoniſhment, that men oppreſſed with the fatigues of watching in the night and marching, could diſplay ſuch activity and ardor in the field of battle. She concluded, by intreating, that his Majeſty would be pleaſed to reward their heroic conduct, ſo flattering to Denmark, and ſo beneficial to Europe at large.

Frederick the Fourth eſtabliſhed his financial department on an excellent baſis. The Dukes of Holſtein were compelled to relinquiſh their claims on Sleſwick. He aboliſhed vaſſalage, and put the militia on a reſpectable footing.

During his reign Denmark ſuffered all the combined diſaſters of war, plague, and fire; yet he left three millions of dollars in his treaſury.

On his acceſſion, Chriſtian the Sixth, little anxious to emulate the noble example of his father, purſued a line of conduct altogether repugnant to the duties of his ſtation, and the proſperity of his kingdom. His thoughts were, or ſeemed to be, in heaven: no wonder, therefore, that he neglected ſublunary things, but he was not conſtant to his viſionary propenſities; for having conceived a plan, the execution of which he fancied would raiſe the aſtoniſhment, and entitle him to the admiration of after ages, he eagerly ſought to adopt it. Thus he formed the gigantic idea of erecting Chriſtianſborg, which he built with the money left by his father, and the public revenues. The palace was completed in ſeven years, and bears this inſcription, placed by the King's order over the gateway:

"Chriſtianus Sextus, hanc regiam ædificavit, abſque "onere ſubditorum."

The pious king very wiſely wrote this in latin, whereby he concealed its falſehood from the maſs of his people. He next built Hirſchholm in a moraſs; this was attended with a vaſt expenſe. Theſe were the two principal efforts of his life; for the building of the dock, which unfortunately took place in his reign, muſt be attributed to the joint exertions of Danneſkiold and Bendſtrup, who, emulous to give importance to our naval defence, ſet all obſtacles at defiance which impeded ſo laudable a deſign, till, by unwearied induſtry, they happily ſucceeded in its completion.

Chriſtian the Sixth, who ſmiled when he ſigned a death-warrant, and wept when he gave away a living, departed this life after a very ſhort reign, in which he plunged Denmark into an enormous debt. His name is never mentioned, but where his conduct towards the Reverend Mr. Hans Egede, has fixed an indelible ſtain on it; the particulars of which are thus related by Malling:

"The patriotic Egede had propoſed a plan in the life time of Frederick, for emigrating to Greenland, to humanize the inhabitants, and teach them the comforts of religion. To carry this into effect, he reſigned a very competent living he held at Vogen, in the dioceſe of Drontheim. The ſacrifice of his own comforts, however, was ſimply a prelude to his deſign; he therefore applied to government for aid, but the country being then in a ſtate of warfare, his project was not attended to. Egede, notwithſtanding, perſiſted on going to Greenland, although his friends and relations endeavoured as much as poſſible, to diſſuade him, and ridiculed his plans.

Egede now propoſed the eſtabliſhment of a factory at Greenland, to the merchants of Bergen, but the circumſtance of the Dutch having previouſly diſcovered the trade, proved an inſurmountable barrier to the undertaking. In the mean time, Charles the Twelfth fell, and peace was reſtored. Frederick now undertook to countenance the intentions of Egede, but being unwilling to carry on the trade himſelf, he gave orders to the magiſtrates of Bergen to ſummon the merchants, and

conſult with them on the ſubject. They again rejected the meaſure as futile or impracticable; whereupon the king gave up all further thoughts of aſſiſting the views of Egede. A year now elapſed, during which Egede laboured inceſſantly to mature his favorite project: he won over to his party ſome of the moſt opulent merchants of Bergen, by repreſenting to them, that in the event of trade not proving ſo beneficial as they could wiſh, ſtill they would enjoy the ſatisfaction of having employed a ſmall part of that abundance heaven had bleſſed them with, in promoting the welfare and happineſs of their fellow creatures, and ultimately benefiting their country. Having thus ſet a ſubſcription a-float, he was unwearied in his aſſiduity, till, by entreating ſome, and encouraging others, to venture, he realized the ſum of ten thouſand dollars; having ſet down his own name for three hundred dollars—his all.

A ſhip was purchaſed for the purpoſe of remaining during winter in Greenland, and two others freighted one to be employed in the whale fiſhery, and the other as a packet. Frederick, at length, admiring the perſeverance of Egede, whom no difficulties could appal, was graciouſly pleaſed to nominate him a miſſionary, with the appointment of three hundred dollars per annum.

In the month of May, 1721, our philanthropic adventurer, with his wife and four children, ſet ſail for Greenland, where they arrived ſafe, after a paſſage of two months. The obſtacles which now oppoſed him, would have been to any other man inſurmountable,—the climate, the ſavage ignorance of the people, an un-

intelligible language, but all these difficulties were conquered by Egede. His zeal and humanity soon gave him popularity with the natives, in testimony of which the following may serve as an instance:

In the year 1734, the small pox was introduced to Greenland by a boy, from Copenhagen, who dying with the disease, communicated the infection. It soon became a pestilence among the people, equally unskilled in its nature and the manner of treating it. Of two hundred families who lived in a circle of ten or twelve miles around the Danish settlement, scarcely thirty escaped, nor was the settlement free from its fatal influence.

In this calamitous situation, many Greenlanders, when the fever began to attack them, sought safety among the Danes, and particularly flocked to Hans Egede, in whom their confidence was most perfect. He received as many as his house could accommodate; nor was this all. His wife and himself attended, cheered, and consoled them during their sufferings. Such was the mortality, he was often obliged to remove the dead bodies in the middle of the night, lest the survivors should perish from the stench; still he continued to receive such as implored his help, and by this kind of conciliating conduct gained more profelytes than the Spanish fanatics in America, ever obtained by their severity and cruelty. Among those, who, as it were, died in his arms, was an old Greenlander, who had been always stedfastly averse to the exhortations of Egede, but corrected by all he saw of the unaffected goodness of this charitable man, he was moved, and

felt a veneration for the religion which could ſo nobly inſpire and ſupport its votaries.

"Thou," ſaid he, addreſſing Egede in his laſt moments, "although a ſtranger, haſt done more for us "than we could ever have expected from each other. "Thou haſt nurſed us, buried our dead that they "might not be the prey of ravenous birds and beaſts. "Thou haſt taught us how to become happy, that we "may gladly die in the expectation of a better life "hereafter." After this eulogium he expired.

During the life of Frederick, Egede had all the aſſiſtance he could wiſh; but, when that monarch died, and his ſon Chriſtian the Sixth aſcended the throne, the latter immediately ſent ſhips to Greenland to remove every thing thence, and break up the trade. Egede, who at firſt exulted in the arrival of theſe veſſels, little ſuſpecting the purport of their voyage, now underſtood there were orders to reimbark all the different families of the ſettlement, unleſs Egede, and ſome others, wiſhed to remain, in which caſe, they were to have proviſions for one year, and never to expect any further help.

Theſe orders came like a ſudden clap of thunder on Egede. For ten years he had ſtruggled to put his plan in practice; for ten others he had watched, toiled and labored in the propagation of the glory of the Moſt High. He had juſt began to reap the fruits of his unwearied induſtry. Trade was becoming briſk, and flouriſhing, and religion began to perceive its effects. The revealed doctrine was adopted by many of the old Greenlanders, and more than one hundred and fifty

children had been baptized and inſtructed. All the pleaſing proſpect ariſing from the eſtabliſhment of this new ſyſtem was now to periſh. Commerce was to be interrupted, and theſe poor people left again to heatheniſm and ignorance.

Egede perſuaded ten men to remain with him in Greenland, while he, more aſſiduouſly than ever, continued his inſtructions, determined not to abandon his pupils. This perſeverance ultimately ſucceeded, for the following year Chriſtian ſent him a ſhip loaded with proviſions and men, with an order to purſue his miſſion, and recommence traffic, but at leſs expenſe to government."

The life of this monarch was undiſtinguiſhed by a ſingle virtue, public or private. The *king* was a ſpendthrift, the *man* a conſummate hypocrite.

We left Hirſchholm for Dronninggaard, a villa belonging to Mr. de Coninck. This gentleman gives tickets of admiſſion for Wedneſdays and Sundays, to any who wiſh to ſee his eſtate, which, in many inſtances, deſerves notice. We firſt viſited the farm and inſpected the cattle; a moſt excellent ſtock, conſtantly improving by his intercourſe with England. In the park we found a purling brook, which we traced, through a beautiful cluſter of trees, into a valley, and diſcovered its ſource within a grotto, furniſhed by the munificent owner with bottles and rummers, for the accommodation of thoſe whom the ſcorching ſun might inconvenience while contemplating the natural and artificial beauties of this admirable retreat. A

ſtone ſtands in the grotto with an inſcription from Ovid, alluding to the clearneſs of the ſtream.

We drank and proceeded to the Naeſs, a promontory, divided by a rivulet from the park. Here the gardens are of the moſt magnificent deſcription, forming a happy combination of nature and art.

The ſeat is ſurrounded by ſome excellent orchards, and plantations of filbert-trees. I felt the moſt lively gratification in viewing the abode of a man, who is a real ornament to his country. Were I on this ſpot, to indulge my fancy, I ſhould mingle with groupes of parents and of orphans, imploring, with upliſted eyes, bleſſings on him, who is ever foremoſt to alleviate the ſufferings of the poor, when the ſeverity of winter adds to their calamities.

I ſhould behold the victims of misfortune reſtored with their families to ſociety, uttering, "*This we owe to him!*" and a throng of friends to mankind would crowd around me, unanimouſly expreſſing their ſentiments of his worth. But I need not record his actions, "they will be regiſtered elſewhere."

At this ſeat ſtands a monument to our Daniſh Titus, Frederick the fifth, in the erection of which, ſincerity and good ſenſe are chiefly conſpicuous.

In our ramble about theſe gardens, we came to a ſummer houſe, built on a projecting point; it had this inſcription, *Amicis Quirti*. The proſpect hence delighted us in the extreme.—A lake ran beneath, on which a number of ornamented boats and larger veſſels, built and rigged like ſchooners, were ſailing about on par-

ties of pleasure. Beyond the lake the village of Frederickſdal peeps at intervals through the deep groves which overſhadow the adjoining valley. The ſun, reflecting his fading beams on the landſcape, tinged the whole with a rich crimſon, and rendered the impoſing ſcene ſtill more charming. Now—

"The curfew toll'd the knell of parting day."

We deſcended a declivity, and by obſerving a boat, ſaved the windings of the road to Frederickſdal, where we reſolved to take up our quarters. After a ſlight ſupper we ſtrolled abroad to admire the fineneſs of the night. Day-light continued till about ten o'clock, and then gradually declined. The weſtern horizon was tinctured with a beautiful bluſh, which became imperceptibly paler till midnight, when the ſun reached his fartheſt goal. In the mean time, a nightingale from an adjoining buſh, raiſed his voice, and continued to enchant us till about one o'clock. It was then as light as at eleven; and at two the ſun made his ſolemn entrance to awaken and cheer the ſlumbering creation.

We then returned to our inn, and betook ourſelves to reſt. At eight we departed for Lyngbye, a cheerful village, indeed the firſt in the iſland. Its ſhort diſtance of ſix miles from the metropolis, has induced many perſons of opulence to build country ſeats in it and the neighbourhood. But its preeminence as a village is not confined to this accidental circumſtance, for its manufactures tend conſiderably to enhance its celebrity.

Before you enter this village from Frederickſdal you paſs a wood with a glade of ſome extent. Here we obſerved a number of people lolling at their eaſe upon the graſs, and partaking of various refreſhments. It is uſual with the middling claſſes who viſit Jaegerſborg Park in the holiday ſeaſon, to go thither by way of Lyngbye, and, as every thing is very dear in the park, to take with them proviſions for the day's conſumption, and make their firſt meal on this glade.

On hearing muſic, which ſeemed to proceed from a little hillock, overgrown with trees, we aſcended, and diſcovered an old man ſinging ſome German airs, which were accompanied with his guitar, and the voices of five ragged children. His face was deeply furrowed by woe, yet there appeared cheerfulneſs and reſignation in his countenance. The object was too intereſting not to excite curioſity. My friend kindly aſked him the cauſe of his diſtreſs, when the poor old man frankly told us, "That he formerly had been an "opulent merchant at Amſterdam, where he was ruin-"ed by the French. That he thence came to Den-"mark, with a wife and eight children, the three elder "of whom worked at a trade, by which, himſelf and "his little ones were preſerved from ſtarving. Their "mother," he ſaid, "died from grief." He pauſed, then feelingly cloſed his little narrative, not by venting curſes on the authors of his ruin, but by a look and ſigh that touched the heart, and called up every generous ſentiment. Every one that liſtened felt for him, and each added a mite to alleviate his miſeries.

Oppoſite the wood is a Royal ſeat called Sorgenfrie,* belonging to Prince Frederick. It is extremely ſmall, but preſents itſelf very prettily from an avenue which leads up to the riſing ground on which it ſtands.

In the gardens, which are neatly laid out, a monument is erected to the memory of Princeſs Sophia Fredericka, wife† of the Prince. She died in the year 1794.

The method which this Princeſs adopted in the education of her children, made her the idol of the people, as her ſon would be heir apparent in the event (which heaven avert) the Prince Royal were to die without male iſſue.

The name of this ſeat cauſed a German traveller to ſay to his friend,—"You ſee we muſt go to Denmark to learn how to tranſlate SANS SOUCI," alluding to the palace of Potſdam, which bears that foreign inſcription.

This compliment, and the facetious manner in which it is paid would ſeem to entitle its author to our thanks, as it conveys a tacit confeſſion of the propriety of

* Free from ſorrow.

† The term *wife* is here applied, not according to ordinary etiquette. In Denmark, the wife of a great man is uſually ſtyled *Gemalinde*, from the German *Gemablin*, wife; but our Prince Royal ſtudying to preclude the poſſibility of any future hiſtorian from expreſſing himſelf in the manner of Profeſſor Sneedorf, who ſays, in his hiſtory of Denmark,—"Our court has never been ſo truly Daniſh as in the "reign of King John") invariably attends to trifles, as ſcrupulouſly as to matters of importance, and, therefore, calls his conſort, in plain Daniſh, *Kone*, (wife.)

cultivating the uſe of our own language. Unfortunately, however, it happens to expoſe more glaringly his inconſiſtency; as but a few pages before he ridicules the Danes for affecting to prefer their native language to every other; and, with a diſdainful air obſerves, our publiſhing edicts, and engraving public inſcriptions, in our own tongue. He alſo, with the true phlegm of a German, tells his friend of a long ſtory, written in Daniſh, on the monument erected to commemorate the emancipation of the peaſants, but with the particulars declines to fatigue him.

In this manner our country has been too frequently deſcribed, by men who gallop along the high roads of Denmark, and talk of its agriculture—ſtay a week at Copenhagen, and deſcribe its internal government and police; and, finally, without underſtanding one ſyllable of our language, babble about our cuſtoms, manners, and politics, delighting to expoſe blemiſhes, and ſlightingly paſs over excellence.

From Lyngbye we croſſed the fields to Jaegerſborg Park. At the entrance an inn called the Fortune, is ſituated on an eminence, where alſo ſtands a telegraph, erected in the year, 1801. From this height we ſaw Copenhagen, for the firſt time ſince we left it. At ſome diſtance, in the valley below, is the country ſeat of the immortal Count Bernſtorff.

We now were in the park, which Mr. Pram thus deſcribes in his beautiful poem, called, "*The Spring of Emilia.*"

> On yon green hills, chaſte Dian's temple ſtands,
> Yon duſky woods, her Royal Stag commands,

To yonder plains the harmleſs fawns retire,
In cheerful gambols, guarded by their Sire;
The Goddeſs' ſelf, beneath yon bowering ſhade,
With rival oaks, protects the happy glade.
Huntſman, avaunt! reſtrain thy impious ſports,
Here peace, delight of kings, alone reſorts.

Beyond an extenſive plain, lies in a valley, Raadvadſmoellen, a manufactory belonging to the company of hardwaremen, at Copenhagen. The ſuperintendants are moſtly Engliſh, and the articles ſcarcely inferior to Britiſh. But importations from Birmingham, Sheffield, &c. are, notwithſtanding, eſſential to the demands of the country. This undertaking being carried on with conſiderable ſpirit, it cannot fail, in time, to prove highly beneficial. It already forms the moſt important of the Britiſh eſtabliſhments in Denmark.

On our return from the manufactory, we ſtopped at the Hermitage, formerly a hunting palace, in the neighbourhood of which the deer are ſeen grazing in herds of from five to ſix hundred. The eminence, on which the palace is ſituated, commands a fine view, of which the ſea conſtitutes a conſiderable portion.

As we penetrated the foreſt an increaſing noiſe and buſtle gave us aſſurance that we approached the ſcene of feſtivity and mirth.

Time has ſanctioned the cuſtom of viſiting this wood every year, from St. John's day, to the viſitation of the Virgin. Tents, for the accomodation of all claſſes, are pitched on a longitudinal graſs plat, where every ſort of refreſhments may be had. A ſpring, diſcover-

ed ſome centuries ago by a girl named Chriſtina Piil, runs cloſe by, and, on an adjoining eminence a number of booths are erected. Here are a variety of amuſements. Wild beaſts from all parts of the globe,—Horſemanſhip,—Rope dancing,—Slight of hand,—Wax-work, and even German dramas are exhibited.

Kotzebue's play of Miſanthropy and Repentance, or, as it is called in England, The Stranger, was to be performed. The celebrity of this piece, which is frequently acted at Copenhagen, induced us to viſit the theatre, where we found an aſſemblage of perſons who would have graced a better cauſe. The miſerable appearance of the houſe was perfectly deſcriptive of the ſcene which followed, at once too deſpicable to merit or provoke criticiſm. The part of the Stranger was ſuſtained by a perſon without the ſlighteſt pretenſion either to feeling or character During the moſt ſentimental paſſages, his geſticulations were ſo groteſque, it was impoſſible to reſiſt laughing. In the cottage ſcene, where he is ſuppoſed to be meditating on the congenial beauties of Zimmerman's ſolitude, he reſorted to the German's never failing friend in deſpondency—a tobacco pipe.—His dreſs heightened the ridicule, it was an old uniform which bore evident marks of long ſervice. The repentant, Mrs. Haller, was perſonified by a lady whoſe *ſituation* ill correſponded with her profeſſions; and the whole was got up by a ſet of buffoons, who ſeemed altogether heedleſs how they acted. Indeed, the want of ſolicitude to ſucceed, was as evident as the want of ability. When to

this mummery is added, the ſqualling of children, the cackling of fowls, and barking of dogs, behind the ſcenes, I truſt, my taſte will not be cenſured, for leaving the place long before the piece ended.

Hence we repaired to the equeſtrian booth. This ſpecies of exhibition being unuſual in Denmark, afforded me infinite amuſement.

The next object that ſtruck us was a diminutive French juggler, clad in a ſuit of crimſon ſilk; his hair frizzed out in the full extravagance of ancient French faſhion, and an enormous bag dangled half way down his back; with many polite ſhrugs he requeſted the paſſengers to walk in, and ſee his wonderful performances juſt about to begin We obeyed his invitation, and took our ſeats. Shortly after, Monſieur made his appearance, and in a language which would have been unintelligible at Babel, uttered a famous ſpeech. He then proceeded to his ſlight of hand tricks, which he performed with amazing dexterity. Among other things, he chopped off the heads of ſeveral chickens, and reſtored them again. I rather wondered ſo able an artiſt could not find preferment in his own country.

The evening being far ſpent, we reſolved not to waſte any more time or money on ſhows, and therefore, turning towards the green plat, mingled with the crowd which paſſed to and from the ſpring. All who viſit the park make a point of taſting this water; its coolneſs and clearneſs are extremely agreeable. A box ſtands near the ſpring to receive the offerings of the charitable; and it is pleaſing to add, that thoſe who come to be happy themſelves, do not forget others,

whom age, diſtreſs, or ſickneſs, has prevented from ſharing in their pleaſures; as the contributions annually received in this way for the pariſhes of Gientofte and Lyngbye, are very conſiderable. We drank of the ſpring, and left the park by the way of Klampenborg Tavern, along the ſea ſhore.

At ſome little diſtance hence, the Count Schimmelmann has a beautiful country ſeat, reared on an eminence, at the foot of which is the ſpring of Emilia. The Count has erected a monument to the memory of his wife, and that it might be a ſymbol of his exceſſive grief, he cauſed the water to ſpout from an eye, on which account, the ſpring is vulgarly called, "The Weeping Eye." Trees, which now almoſt reach the ſummit of the mount, throw a ſhade over the ſpot, and benches are placed, in different poſitions, to invite repoſe, or indulge contemplation.

Moſt perſons, in their way to and from Copenhagen, halt at this intereſting ſpot. A peaſant maid attends to hand a cup of water to the paſſenger, who while he reſts a moment, is delighted with the immediate proſpect of the ſea, not many yards diſtant from his feet.

We next reached Ordrup, where we determined to paſs the night. The village was almoſt wholly conſumed by fire ſome years ago, and is now much improved by the new buildings, which are chiefly gentlemen's ſeats. The next morning we turned into the avenue leading to Count Bernſtorff's manſion, which is very large, and certainly the moſt magnificent country reſidence in the iſland. It is built in a valley. Three ſides of it are enveloped in romantic groves, but

the front is entirely open, and preſents itſelf moſt advantageouſly to a diſtant obſerver. A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigned around, without any other interruption than the occaſional melody of birds within the grove, which gave a contemplative charm to the ſcene, and made it perfectly enchanting. I viewed it feelingly, it was the haven of a pilot who had weathered many a ſtorm in rendering ſervices to his country, and left behind him an example worthy the imitation of the moſt exalted characters.

At ſome little diſtance from this ſeat of Count Bernſtorff, is the hamlet of Jaegerſborg. The hunting box which ſtood on this ſpot has been demoliſhed, and barracks built in its room for the recruits of huſſars who are drilled here. It was the hour of exerciſe when we approached. Although they appeared to perform but awkwardly the new and difficult manœuvres lately introduced into the cavalry ſervice, ſtill, with ſome patience on the part of the officers they may in time become expert.

With the abolition of German recruits, we have loſt German habits, and it is no longer the faſhion to make men ſoldiers by flogging. Having no Germans to run away, deſertion formerly ſo frequent, is now little known. The perpetual ſcene of puniſhment was offenſive to all who felt for their fellow creatures, and the new ſyſtem naturally gives ſatisfaction.

The bad habits of theſe vagabonds were communicated like a plague among our native ſoldiers, and thus, not only the name, but the profeſſion became contemptible. The national character, therefore, de-

manded a reform; no foreigner, in future, can ſerve in our army. Natives, ſubject to be enrolled as ſoldiers, are to ſerve for ſix years only, inſtead of eight; the two firſt on garriſon duty, and for the remainder of their time, they are only to paſs one month of the year at Copenhagen, for the purpoſe of exerciſe; and this without prejudice to their regular pay, bread, and quarters; they are, beſides, allowed five dollars per head, yearly, for marching money,

A method has been adopted in the regiment of the huſſars, (and, I believe, throughout the army) much more likely to improve a ſoldier than the laſh. Premiums are diſtributed to the deſerving; emulation, conſequently, inſpires all to aim at the prize, and in ſuch a competition none can lag far behind.

We returned from Jaegerſborg and came to the village of Gientofte, which ſlopes down the banks of a lake. There are few farmers in this place, the houſes chiefly belonging to citizens. Mr. Malling lives here. The clergyman of this pariſh is the Rev. Mr. Hoegh, a man equally reſpected for the diſcharge of his ſacred duties, and his readineſs to promote the welfare of his fellow creatures.

Mr. Hoegh obtained the firſt prize (a gold medal worth a hundred dollars) given by the Agricultural ſociety, for the beſt Treatiſe on Farming. This valuable work is written in chapters, deſcriptive of the different and moſt profitable methods to be adopted in the cultivation of lands, the breeding of cattle, with general rules for the improvement of horticulture. To

it is affixed a treatiſe adapted to cottagers, who, in general, form only an eighth or tenth part of the eſtabliſhment on a farm. Nor is this all; for added to the excellence of the ſyſtem, and the good it has produced in guiding a prejudiced multitude to induſtry, Mr. Hoegh has written a book of a very peculiar and ſalutary nature. He has become the advocate of the brute creation, prefixing to the different chapters on animals, an addreſs, wherein religion and morality are ably blended in ſupport of the cauſe he pleads. That which precedes the chapter on horſes, is, in particular, written with a degree of energy and feeling, equally worthy of his head and heart. He draws a picture of the duties we owe that noble animal, enlarges upon the benefits we receive from him, dwells on the wantonneſs with which mankind too often repay thoſe obligations by oppreſſive cruelty, and concludes his arguments in a manner ſo impreſſive, that the moſt hardened heart muſt become a convert to his ſentiments.

His own lands are a ſufficient proof, that his rules are not of that deſcription which look well on paper, but refiſt the teſt; what he recommends he follows. The returns of his ſheepfold, compared with that of another flock equal in number, are, at leaſt, double the amount. All that has been done at Eſrom ſince 1800, to improve the native breed of ſheep, had been long before practiſed by Mr. Hoegh, on a ſcale proportioned to his means. He ſcruples not to lend rams among his neighbours, from his excellent Engliſh flock, or diſpoſe of lambs to them at a fair price.

The appearance of this part of the country strongly marks the beneficial exertions of the first Count Bernstorff, on which Malling thus expresses himself:

"In the year 1764, the villages Gientofte, Ordrup, "and Vangede, were purchased by Count Bernstorff; "they comprised about forty families, all in extreme "indigence. As a philanthropist he could not behold, "with indifference, the wretchedness of these poor "people, in a country which nature seemed to have "formed for the opulence of its inhabitants. He "wished to be considered the benefactor of a free "and wealthy race, rather than the lord of slaves. "Believing their misery to arise from their having "been, like most others, oppressed by hand labor, he "resolved to abolish their partnership in the fields, and "to place them in a situation where they might expect "to reap the fruits of their individual industry. To "effect this, he determined on parcelling out the lands "in suitable lots; he prevailed on his tenantry to "throw the dice for the choice, and encouraged them, "by presents, to move their farms to the ground "which fell to their share.

"Count Bernstorff expended, from his own pri-"vate purse, in settling and giving permanency to this "arrangement, seven thousand dollars, but he con-"sidered the sum well applied, and found himself "amply repaid by the hilarity which now accompa-"nied the labors of those poor families whose wel-"fare he had taken so much pains to ensure."

The grateful peasants, many years ago, erected a plain marble monument, by the high road, in honor of the Count.

When I reflect on the names of Bernstorff, Hoegh, and Lassen, who have so munificently and successfully employed their means and talents to such noble purposes, I always remember those, who, with indefatigable zeal, exerted themselves to instil into the minds of the peasantry, thus emancipated, right notions of liberty and happiness. The body of the peasant was, till lately, enslaved, and so was his mind. The scourge of the Lord of the Manor subdued the one, and ignorance the other. In former times, the masters appointed to country schools were mostly students, whose extravagance had deprived them of the means to pursue their course of studies at the university. Thus men, nurtured in idleness, vice, and debauchery, were appointed to inculcate morality on the unformed mind of youth; men, whose necessities alone induced them, for the sake of subsistence, to accept the office.

But when the gloom which had so long clouded the prospects of these poor rustics was dispelled, the sun of information, as it were, instantly shot forth its cheering rays, and men of the first abilities came forward to offer their assistance in support of so laudable a cause. A seminary was founded to supply schools with able and exemplary masters. In this institution Riber took the lead. It was enacted, that no person should be qualified for the situation of school master, who had not attended this seminary three years. It was open to every one, and that men in straitened circumstances, as the sons of peasants, with abilities, might not be precluded from its advantages, the price for maintenance and instruction was fixed at the rate of forty

dollars yearly. Independent of reading, writing, and accounts, they are inſtructed in aſtronomy, mathematics, geography, natural hiſtory, gardening, and every requiſite to diffuſe uſeful knowledge among their pupils.

Mr. Riber only lived a few years, but he had the ſatisfaction to ſee thoſe plans proſper to which he had devoted his principal attention. He was ſucceeded by Mr. Guldberg, (nephew of the Rev. Mr. Hoegh, *in* Gientofte) who is by birth a nobleman; but, though, fortune favoured him thus highly, nature was ſtill more bountiful; ſhe endowed him with a genius which led him to ſuperior honors. He courted the ſcienc[illegible] and when ſtudy had perfected the gifts of nature, and the efforts of his poetical genius* had rendered his name public, he accepted this ſituation. No higher eulogy can be paſſed on this man, ſo truly noble, than the following expreſſion of an author, whoſe name has eſcaped my memory: "Mr. Guldberg, whoſe birth "entitled him to play at cards at court, now ſits down "quietly on Blaaegaard,† teaching peaſant boys to read "and write."

Not far from the high road, on the banks of a lake, are the remains of the village of Emdrup, now reduced to two farms, the other peaſants having moved to the fields aſſigned them. When I ſpeak of this village, it recals the enjoyment of my boyiſh days; hard by

* Independent of ſeveral dramatic pieces, Mr. Guldberg has written a Poem in Iambics, called, "*The Aſſiſtance Church Yard.*"

† The houſe where the ſeminary is kept.

lives a peaſant, on whoſe farm I was accuſtomed, when at ſchool, eagerly to devote all my holyday time. When the dreadful fire of Copenhagen, in the year 1795, deſtroyed 943 houſes, this man, (as did all the peaſants of the neighbourhood) repaired with his waggon to the city, that he might aſſiſt in ſaving the property of the inhabitants. While ſelfiſh minds were employed in forming ſchemes for turning the misfortune of others to their own advantage, my honeſt friend was actuated by quite contrary motives. He was employed to move the goods of one of our favorite maſters; and agreed, for a ſmall ſum; but although he did much more than he had ſtipulated for, it was impoſſible to force any additional reward upon him. This trait certainly deſerved admiration.

"We are accuſtomed to contemplate the virtues of a man clad in a ſilken garment," ſaid one of my maſters, "but ſuffer merit in a ruſtic coat to paſs unnoticed by; "and yet the latter is moſt entitled to our admiration. "The one improves the gift of nature by education, "and refines it by mixing with the world. The "other depends on nature alone, and acts from the "free, unbiaſſed, principles of innate worth." To this he adapted the ſimile of Sterne. "Like ancient "medals, the peaſants kept more apart, and paſſing "but few peoples' hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſs "which the fine hand of nature has given them. They "are not ſo pleaſant to feel, but in return, the legend "is ſo viſible, that at the firſt look you ſee whoſe "image and ſuperſcription they bear."

To this peasant's instructions I am indebted for whatever I may know of the rural pursuits of my country; his judgment, perseverance, and opportunities permitting him to cultivate his lands on a superior plan.

The city naturally gives a beneficial influence to its neighbourhood, but if it invigorate the peasant in some instances, in others it is contagious. The manners and luxuries of the cits encroach on the economy of the rustics, till experience, too late, teaches them they cannot grasp the fragant beauties of the rose, without encountering the smart of the thorn.

Not having as yet visited a regular farm, my friend gladly acceded to my proposal of making a visit to one, where I was sure to meet a hearty welcome.

We found our host at home, and soon engaged him to shew us his fields, which contained upwards of fifty acres, all enclosed with living fences, and presenting a most gratifying proof of the industry of their owner. Whichever way we turned our eyes, no waste spot was discernible. Rye, barley, oats, pease, tares, and potatoes, waved, without intermission, over the exuberant soil; while, in other fields, the abundant clover almost overtopped the sportive lambs which frisked around their dams, tethered with long ropes to the ground.*

* Since the dissolution of partnership among the peasants the respective fields have mostly been enclosed. In order, therefore, to prevent their stock from injuring the corn, or from breaking through the hedges into the fields of their neighbours, they peg their horses, cows, sheep, and hogs, to the ground, by means of a rope several yards long.

Clover is become common every where, while hay is made but rarely, except on such meadows as are unfit for better uses. Wheat is scarce in this neighbourhood, every one cultivating barley, for which they find a ready sale, in the city, as well as for the straw, which is much in demand among distillers and others who keep many cows.

Mr. Hoegh, in his chapter on sheep, laments the prevailing custom among the peasants, of selling their best lambs, and condemns altogether the practice of killing them. He holds up the custom of England, where so much mutton is consumed, in support of his advice; whereas, with us, mutton is little known. My host strictly adheres to Mr. Hoegh's plan,—he keeps all his best lambs to breed.—"I should only rob myself," said he, "if I acted otherwise." But he never kept his lambs beyond the year.

In respect to his horses, I plainly perceived the good effects of the plan adopted by government, which sends an annual committee through Denmark and Holstein, who collect shews of cattle, and adjudge prizes of twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred dollars for the best bred stallions. The candidate who has received the premium one year, is permitted to produce the same

The laws for the preservation of fences and fields are extremely rigid. Proprietors have not only a right to pound whatever cattle may incroach upon them, till redeemed by the owner, but even to shoot them after repeated trespasses, if proper measures be not taken to prevent them in future. The punishment for stealing cattle is justly severe he who steals, though only a single lamb, is sent into slavery for several years.

horſe in the following, and he gains a ſecond prize, if it appear, that during the intermediate time, the animal has improved, and been of ſervice to the neighbourhood; the inhabitants of which pay, individually, to the owner of the horſe ſuch ſum as they mutually agree upon.

The peaſants, as I before obſerved, at a ſhort diſtance from the city, find conſiderable advantage in its vicinity; but it likewiſe teems with ills, by teaching them luxury. The peaſant who goes to town for a waggon load of manure, generally returns with a little ſtore of coffee and gin; and cuſtom has already made theſe articles eſſential to the domeſtic eſtabliſhment of a ruſtic family. Nor is this the only evil.—They neglect altogether to cultivate their gardens, from the more advantageous, and leſs toilſome, produce of their fields. It is quite a phenomenon to ſee a garden occupy an acre at any farm within a few miles of Copenhagen. Much has been ſaid on this ſubject, and Mr. Hoegh particularly recommends gardening to the attention of the peaſantry; with aſſurances, that it will ultimately recompenſe their labors; but they are deaf to all remonſtrance on this head, and obſtinately perſiſt in merely raiſing vegetables for their own conſumption, or buying them from the Amackers.

My friend's garden was not better than thoſe of his neighbours; it ſcarcely occupied half an acre, and its chief boaſt was, twenty or thirty beehives, in the management of which he was particularly ſkilful.

This is a very favorite ſtudy with the peaſants, though more general in Funen and Holſtein, than in Zealand.

Superior as was the management of my hoſt, I think he excelled in theory. He was, it is true, born a peaſant like others, but he had rubbed off much of his natural roughneſs, and was above being guided by cuſtom or prejudice. His judgment was improved by a ſtore of reading, which placed him far above his equals in condition. He took great pleaſure in ſtudy, and whenever his ocupations allowed him time for recreation, he employed it in peruſing ſuch authors, as might yield him ſolid information, or advantageouſly beguile him. Mr. Hoegh's treatiſe ſtood foremoſt among his books. Fleiſcher on Bees, and a number of ſubordinate treatiſes on Rural Economy, filled up the ſhelf. Below were ranged the works of the great Copyiſt of Nature, the immortal Holberg.* Nor did he confine his knowledge to reading; the ſtudy of mankind he found equally neceſſary, and ſo happily did he apply his talents, that he was a rational and pleaſing companion on any ſubject. Sometimes, indeed, I have heard him acquit himſelf in a manner that would not have diſgraced a profeſſed ſcholar. He was a politician too, but with one very rare talent, no warmth of argument prevented him from diſcriminating when to talk, and when to be ſilent. He never fatigued his hearers.

It was my cuſtom to join in celebrating his harveſt home, and I enjoyed peculiar ſatisfaction in looking on the many ſmiling countenances around me. This feaſt

* A new edition of his Dramatic Compoſitions is now publiſhing, at Copenhagen, under the ſuperintendance of Profeſſor Nyerup and Mr. Heger, an actor on the Theatre Royal.

is held the firſt Sunday after Michaelmas. All who have aſſiſted in gathering the crop aſſemble to be merry, and forget the toils of the field Good eating invites hilarity, while cheerfulneſs and innocent mirth crown the day.

When I reflect on the pleaſures I here partook of in the early part of my life, I grieve to think thoſe happy days are paſt, never to return; I love to dwell on the remembrance of what I then enjoyed; my claims were ſmall, and ſoon anſwered; but I have found, the more our choice of pleaſures expands, the leſs deep is the ſtream. My friend's good humor always lit up mine; his jokes appeared to me the ſoul of wit, and his honeſt hoſpitality ſurpaſſed all the refinements of poliſhed breeding.

We continued with him till Sunday, when he drove us to church. We paſſed Soeborg-lake, which ſupplies the city with water; it is conveyed through a brook to the Lake of Emdrup, whence it runs through a canal into three reſervoirs near Copenhagen. This lake, however, being almoſt choaked up with ſedge and peat, a number of gentlemen have entered into a ſubſcription to have it drained, and a windmill has been erected for the purpoſe. It is probable the ſteam engine was deemed too expenſive, but I ſhould have thought Dr. Darwin's machine for raiſing water, would have been extremely applicable on this occaſion.

Great expectations are formed from the peat, which, it is ſaid will not be cut up in many years.

The alacrity with which the plan of this undertaking was caught, and the ſpirit with which it has been carried into execution, deſerve, at leaſt, and will, I truſt, obtain an adequate reward.

We reached Broenſhoey,—and as we entered the church my ruſtic friend obſerving a number of women in the porch, told me, we ſhould ſee the ceremony of churching a peaſant's wife.

The clerk having read the Lord's prayer, at the choir door,* pſalms were ſung; then the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Veſtengaard, having read the collect, epiſtle, and goſpel, at the altar, walked down to the door of the porch, where he addreſſed a ſhort diſcourſe to the woman who now entered the church attended by her friends; and the clergyman aſcended the pulpit. When the ſermon concluded, he returned to the altar, whither the woman and her friends attended to preſent their offerings. Pſalms were again ſung, and the prieſt having pronounced the benediction, the clerk returned to the choir door, where having offered a ſhort prayer, ſervice ended.

From Broenſhoey we proceeded through the village of Utterſloev, to the Aſſiſtance Church Yard; this is a ſquare piece of ground which was ſome years ago encloſed by a brick wall, for the interment of the poor. Rows of lime trees divided the church yard, at equal diſtances, into allotments, for the different pariſhes. When theſe trees began to ſhade the graves of the in-

* The choir in Denmark is ſeparated from the body of the church by a railing, which is entered by an aſcent of ſteps.

digent, the opulent envied them their place of repoſe, and marble monuments roſe above the croſſes of wood, thoſe humble memorials of the poor. But—

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthems ſwell the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

The thoughtleſs world to majeſty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize ſucceſs;
But more to innocence their ſafety owe,
Than pow'r or genius, e'er conſpir'd to bleſs.

This *Garden of the Dead*, (as our poet calls it) is not, however, excluſively uſurped by pompous tombs, and ill-deſerved panegyric. Men of worth and genius have alſo choſen it for their laſt home; whence variety of rank, fortune, and merit, have combined to form a mirror for the contemplation of mankind, where they may learn to imitate the good, and ſhun the bad.

The church yard, in its preſent ſtate, has become a place of public reſort; yet the ſolemnity of the ſcene is never invaded by guilty merriment. A ſacred ſtillneſs prevails. Each follows his own purſuit—he walks among the dead—his ſoul aſſociates with their ſpirits. The awful communion pervades his frame, and his mind ſoars above ſublunary things. The huſband mourns the loſs of a beloved wife. The mother and children ſtrew ſand and flowers over the renewed grave of a huſband and father. The maid plants a roſe on the tomb of her faithful lover, and the citizen of the world gives a tear to thoſe whoſe virtues, or talents, have excited the general admiration, and ſhed luſtre on the land of their birth.

Beneath a lofty lime tree ſtands a ſmall ſtone, on which is engraven this ſhort inſcription:

"O. I. SAMSOE,

"HE WROTE DYVEKE* AND DIED."

Here feelings of private attachment, and ſincere ſorrow croud painfully on my recollection. But they are merely the congenial ſentiments of a nation which deplored the loſs of Samſoe as her proudeſt boaſt; I ſhall, therefore, rather communicate what others, his more intimate friends, have ſaid to his honor. Mr. Falſen wrote the following

EPITAPH:

MOURNFUL, DEJECTED,
HIS FRIENDS CROUD AROUND THE CORPSE OF
SAMSOE!
AND ASK
WHO WAS MORE GENTLE IN MANNERS,
MORE KIND OF SOUL,
MORE HONEST OF HEART,
MORE PURE IN LIFE?
THE MELPOMENE OF DANIA
ADVANCING WITH THE VEIL OF SORROW IN HER HAND,
SPREADS IT OVER HER FAVORITE,

* A Tragedy in five acts; the plot is taken from the hiſtory of Chriſtian the Second. Dyveke was the miſtreſs of that king, who became ſo enraged at her being poiſoned through court intrigue, that he cauſed the innocent Torben Oxe (then Lord of the palace) to be beheaded,—an act, which made him the deteſtation of all claſſes, and ultimately led to his being dethroned and put in priſon, where he ended his days.

— AND PLACES HER DAGGER ON
HIS BIER.

SAMSOE,

THY EXTINGUISHED EYE DOTH NOT BEHOLD
THE TEARS WHICH THY COUNTRYMEN SHED
OVER THY MEMORY,
NOR MOURNING PARENTS
WHO ENCIRCLE THY GRAVE,
AND EMBRACE THY PUPILS, WHOM THOU
DIDST LEAD TO VIRTUE, EXCLAIMING:
"PEACE TO THE ASHES OF OF OUR BENEFACTOR!"
WHILE THE DANISH FAIR STREW
THY GRAVE WITH FLOWERS,
AND SIGH,
"SOFTLY REST THE AUTHOR OF DYVEKE!"

In the edition of the posthumous works of Samsoe, Professor Rahbek * concludes his biography thus:

"On the 30th January,† the day after his interment, his Dyveke was brought out at the theatre, and

* Mr. Rahbek, formerly Professor of belles lettres, at the University of Copenhagen, is editor of the Minerva Monthly Journal, which has flourished for upwards of fifteen years. He also publishes a paper weekly, called the Danish Spectator, composed of miscellaneous matter, the nature of which will be easily understood, when I say, the author and his able coadjutors, have from its commencement, unvariably pursued that maxim of Pope's,—

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
"And catch the manners, living, as they rise."

† The 28th and 29th of January are the birth days of the King and Prince Royal, in honor of which, a new dramatic piece is always brought out on the week day subsequent.

obtained a degree of approbation, which not only juſtified, but even ſurpaſſed, what rumour had previouſly ſaid to its advantage. Succeſſive repreſentations have ſtrengthened, and there can be no doubt, will confirm, its merits. On the third night, the receipts of the houſe were for the benefit of the author's heirs. On this occaſion, the manager, on the ſuggeſtion of a poet, gratified the public feelings at the concluſion of the piece, with a ſolemn ceremony.

"On an urn, at the extremity of the ſtage, was written 'SAMSOE.' Melpomene leaning over it, uttered, in a plaintive voice,—'*He is no more.*' To which the Genius of Time replied,—'*His memory lives.*' The awful ſtillneſs of the ſcene was here interrupted by a ſpectator, who, rapturouſly exclaimed, '*The memory of Samſoe will live for ever!*' The ſound, like electricity, ſpread throughout the houſe, and an enthuſiaſtic repetition was univerſal and reiterated.

"It has been propoſed to erect a monument over his grave, with this inſcription:

'HE WROTE DYVEKE AND DIED.'

"Nothing more forcible and conciſe could have been imagined, to recal to the memory of every admirer of the ſciences, the loſs they have ſuſtained. It was his firſt attempt in the dramatic line.

"But how ſmall a ſhare of Samſoe's worth, was his merit as a poet!

"I ſhall endeavour to ſketch his perſon and character. He was tall, and well made, though he loſt much of his height from an habitual ſtoop. His countenance was dark, and his features full of expreſ-

ſion; his fine eyes, in particular, looked the very ſoul of intelligence. In his dreſs and exterior he reſembled the neatneſs of a Briton. In feats of activity, ſtrength, or boldneſs of enterpriſe, he was unequalled; and he evinced, how uſeful he could be to others, in thoſe three horrible days of the conflagration of Copenhagen; where he gave proofs of indefatigable perſeverance and ſtrength.

"While his patrimony laſted he was not ſtrictly an economiſt. but when his beneficence had aſſiſted him to get through it, he learned to earn and ſave. When free from mental vexations, he was inexpreſſibly amiable in his manners and converſation, and this winning gentleneſs ſeemed rather to increaſe, than abate, with his years. At other moments, when imbittered by diſappointment, or rouſed by injury, the ſpirit, energy, and character, of every word that came from his lips were irreſiſtibly intereſting. He has drawn himſelf, in his Canute Gyldenſtierne.* There was nothing poſſible which he would not have done to ſerve his friend, nor would he heſitate to ſacrifice one, if he ſlandered an abſent companion. He admitted, and yielded, to the frailties of humanity. But he told his friends the harſheſt truths when he conceived he could benefit them, or others, by the painful leſſon. I never did, nor do I ſuppoſe I ever ſhall, know his equal in veracity, and honeſty; he was nicely ſcrupulous; firm in the important concerns of life, attentive in trifles. There was a correctneſs,

* One of the characters in Dyveke.

delicacy, and ſweetneſs in his friendſhip, peculiarly his own. He devoted himſelf to it. The principal efforts of his genius were offerings at that ſacred ſhrine.

" When I call to mind how entirely he lived for his friends; when I remember that I was of the number, when I reflect on what we enjoyed, and what we have loſt, in him, the pen drops from my hand, and I can only, with tears, repeat the words of Dyveke,"—' *God gave me ſuch a friend.*'

In the centre of a wreath, carved on a plain monument of Norwegian marble, is inſcribed, " RIBER," a name, which, amid painful ſenſations, excites the cheering idea of what our country has derived, and will continue to derive, from his noble exertions in favor of the peaſantry. Great as his claims are to our gratitude in his ſcholaſtic capacity, they are no leſs to our admiration in that of a linguiſt, poet, and man. Among the numerous and odorous flowers which grow upon his grave, that which the modeſt author of Niels Ebbeſen has planted, is eminently conſpicuous for its beauty and fragrance.

The tragedy of Niels Ebbeſen is the production of Mr. Sander, who was aſſiſted in the language by Mr. Riber, Mr. Sander being a native of Holſtein. In his preface to the tragedy, the author makes an acknowledgement of his obligations to that writer, in the following words:—" As ſoon as any production " of art is completed, and exhibited to public view, " it becomes the painter, invariably, to retire behind " the ſcreen; I ſtep thither, and am ſilent; yet I ar- " dently wiſh to return my warmeſt thanks to the

" worthy Baden,* for the attention he has beſtowed " on my eſſay. He, one of our ableſt connoiſſeurs, " and our firſt grammarian, finds the diction in this " piece, as pure and correct as if written by a na- " tive.† This part of the public applauſe I dedicate " to the manes of Riber, with a melancholy plea- " ſure: it is an offering due to the warmth with " which he conſtantly encouraged me, particularly by " his advice and guidance, founded on his eminent " knowledge of the language."

The plot, which commemorates one of the moſt glorious epochs in the hiſtory of Denmark, is as follows:

In the fourteenth century, Gerhard, Count of Holſtein, lent 40,000 marks as a mortgage on the province of Jutland. This was done with a view of ultimately making himſelf maſter of the territory; and, the better to enſure his purpoſe, he ſowed diſſention among the people, in order to wean their affections from Chriſtopher, their lawful Sovereign; and with ſuch ſucceſs, that Chriſtopher was compelled to flee to Germany, where he ended his days. He left two ſons, one of whom, Waldemar, effected his eſcape to

* Profeſſor of eloquence at the univerſity of Copenhagen; a gentleman, whoſe writings, particularly his Tranſlation of Tacitus, have every where eſtabliſhed the celebrity of his name.

† I am born a Daniſh ſubject, though not literally a Dane. The language certainly forms a ſtrong tie between citizen and citizen. But is the enjoyment of a common government nothing at all? Since the year 1784, I have purſued, with indefatigable perſeverance, the ſtudy of my ſecond vernacular tongue. Am I not, then, as much a Dane as a boy of fifteen, who is born with the neceſſity of learning the language from his mother or nurſe?

Germany, where he ſolicited aſſiſtance from the Emperor Lewis, to regain his uſurped crown. His brother, Otto, was taken priſoner by Gerhard. In the mean time, the Count cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed Duke of Jutland; erected forts, which he intruſted to German officers, kept a large ſtanding army of German ſoldiers on the ſpot, extorted enormous taxes, introduced German laws, and even the German language in his courts of juſtice. Nothing was wanted to crown his ambition, but the title of King. While the infatuated tyrant was thus wading through ſlaughter and deſolation to the object of his deſires, Niels Ebbeſen, of Noerreriis, came forward, in the year 1340, to free his unhappy country from ſlavery and oppreſſion, by meditating a plan to deſtroy the Uſurper. He knew the implicit confidence which the overbearing Count placed in his German mercenaries; he was aware that the tyrant was indebted to power alone for that repoſe which conſcience denied him; yet determined upon cruſhing him at his own palace in the very boſom of his ſlaves.

For this purpoſe, Niels Ebbeſen, with ſixty followers, departed for Randers, where the Uſurper reſided. He arrived in the middle of the night, and haſtened to the Count's apartment, whom he killed. The guards, rouſed by the noiſe, but confuſed, and diſmayed, at the unexpected death of their lord, made no attempt to arreſt Ebbeſen. When the general panic had a little ſubſided, the German troops purſued Ebbeſen and his Danes, but were impeded in their progreſs by the men of Ebbeſen having removed the bridge.

Ebbeſen then haſtily aſſembled a little army, and engaged the Germans. This battle proved ultimately the delivery of Denmark, but Niels Ebbeſen loſt his life in the conteſt, exclaiming, in his laſt moments,—"*Denmark for ever!*"

Cloſe by the wall is the grave of Andreas Chriſtian Hviid.

Alas, poor Yorick!———

A fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy!

Mr. Hviid was our Sterne.

On his travels during the years 1778, and 79, in Germany and Italy, of which he publiſhed a journal, he followed the maxim of his predeceſſor. "I pity "the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and "cry, 'tis all barren—and ſo it is—and ſo is all the "world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it of-"fers." He, therefore, prefixed to his book this mot-to,—"What a large volume of adventures may be "graſped within this little ſpan of life, by him who "intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having "eyes to ſee what time and chance are perpetually "holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, "miſſes nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on."

But Hviid was no ſervile imitator; he had himſelf eyes to ſee, ears to hear, and a heart to feel; nor does he ever ſhine in borrowed beauties. Conſider-ing the relative progreſs in refinement of the two na-tions for whom theſe Sentimental Journies have been written, it is obvious, that our traveller never let aught eſcape him that might convey inſtruction. Ever keeping this idea in view, he, perhaps, at times, is imperceptibly minute, and thus comes within the

reach of the wits of to-day, whose judgment, with due deference to their competency, must be traced to some other source than the love of justice and candor.

Their productions are commonly found, where Mr. Hviid's work will never be seen,—on the counters of grocers, abiding their doom.

The remarks on the countries Hviid passed are pertinent and correct; he never stooped to indulge in general reflections upon nations and societies, but judged of individuals from his own knowledge of them, and not from their profession and denomination. Thus his portrait of the amiable and unaffected Cardinal Megazzi, of Vienna, is drawn with the same good nature and address as his sketches of Professor Heyne, of Goettingen, and the other characters he met with. Yet truth and justice never suffer under his hands. Having read the account of Dr. Dodd, and lamented his fate, he observed,—"'Tis "singular to hang a teacher of morals; the English, "however, are just."

"Hence it will be seen, he perceived that the real "advantage of travel, as it regards the *Sçavoir vivre*, "is by seeing a great deal of men and manners; it "teaches us mutual toleration, and mutual toleration "teaches us mutual love."

He entertains, as it were, an instinctive inclination towards England, and several times bursts forth in raptures on thinking what awaits him there, when he shall again assemble with some literary friends, among whom was our celebrated Professor Winsloev, who set out with him from Copenhagen, but parted at Hamburg for their ultimate destination, London. I

am not certain whether he came to England; at leaſt, there is no account of it in his work. His acquaintance with Britiſh authors, to judge from his book, was extenſive. Of the poets, he preferred Pope, whoſe beautiful lines he quotes:

> Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
> Thus unlamented let me die,
> Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
> Tell where I lie.

This wiſh of his was not, however, fulfilled. The record of his death in 1786, at the age of thirty-ſix, preſents itſelf on a ſimple tablet of marble, embelliſhed with his profile, and erected by his friends and admirers.

Not far from the Church Yard are the fields in which the ſoldiers are exerciſed during the month of June. On the laſt day a review is held, which is attended by the King, the Royal Family, and the whole court, before whom the troops defile and manœuvre, under the immediate command of the Prince Royal. Every one knows what a review is, therefore it would be needleſs to give an account of it The review, however, which took place here, this day fortnight, was uncommonly grand, being honored with the preſence of an Engliſh Prince; the firſt who viſited Denmark ſince the Duke of Glouceſter,—upwards of thirty years ago.

Prince William of Glouceſter arrived off the Sound, Saturday the 12th of June, in the Latona, of 36 guns. Intelligence being received of his approach, the Prince Royal put off the review, intended to be held that day, to the day following.

The Sunday being extremely fine, and the agreeable novelty of an Engliſh Prince being preſent, naturally drew together an amazing concourſe.

At this review I perceived almoſt all the officers wore French feathers. Whether it were intended as a compliment to the Engliſh Prince, or from what motive I cannot ſay, but the Prince Royal came *into* the field with an Engliſh feather in his hat. This unlooked for circumſtance, as might be expected, inſtantly cauſed an alteration of the Gallic faſhion, and, in a few days after, our officers appeared no leſs attentive than their Prince.

My friend took it into his head to return to Copenhagen by ſea, we, therefore, croſſed all the fields down to the Lime-kiln, where we hired a boat. Juſt as we were paſſing the moſt remarkable field about Copenhagen, I begged him to accompany me a few paces out of the way, that I might ſhew him ſomething worthy his obſervation. Immediately on the ſhore ſtands a ſmall ſtone with this inſcription,* *Juſtitz-Stedet*, the ſight of which cannot fail to excite agreeable ſenſations, when we conſider how ſeldom it is frequented. The laſt execution took place in the year 1797. I ſhall not turn caſuiſt on this occaſion; whatever the cauſe—effects combine to render this ſtone an honorable monument of the national character

MAY THE LAWS OF OUR COUNTRY HAVE NO OCCASION TO DISTURB THE GRASS WHICH SHADES THIS SPOT!

* Place of Juſtice.

THE

BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

INTELLIGENCE that a British fleet was seen off the Sound, produced a much more general alarm than its actual arrival in the roads of Copenhagen. Our means of defence were in such a state, that we could scarcely hope to resist, much less to repel an enemy.

There could be no doubt as to the British ships passing the Sound the moment an opportunity offered, considering how the Dutch Admiral Opdam, passed it with his fleet, during the siege of Copenhagen, in the years 1658-60. At that time Cronborg was in possession of the Swedes. They had numerous batteries on their shore, and a considerable fleet riding in the Sound. Yet, Opdam fought his way through this triple fire, and, with the loss of one ship, reached the roads of Copenhagen.

For seven days the wind was unfavorable to the British, during which time our best exertions were employed in preparing for the worst, so that we did not suffer any material mortification at finding we were left to shift for ourselves.

The Swediſh Admiral, Cronſtedt, paid us a viſit, at Copenhagen, during this interval, but for what purpoſe heaven only knows; he came with his official attendants, but not with a ſingle ſhip.

On the morning of March the 30th, about ſeven o'clock, the thundering peals of Cronborg put an end to ſuſpenſe. Very ſhortly after, we could diſcern the fleet, which approached rapidly. The tremendous cannonading from the fort gave us an idea of what it might effect, if it could reach its object. His Majeſty of Sweden (who obſerved the paſſage of the fleet from Helſingborg) appeared ſenſible of this, and after the cannonading had ceaſed, diſpatched an officer to compliment the governor of Cronborg.

As the gale was blowing freſh, the Britiſh ſoon advanced within ſeven or eight miles of the city, where they came to an anchor. A frigate, a lugger, and a brig got rather nearer; but the battery of the Three Crowns, and the fire from the blockſhips, compelled them to retire. The magnificence of this ſpectacle naturally left various impreſſions on our minds, but whether favorable or unfavorable, they were ſoon forgotten in the enthuſiaſm and unanimity which prevailed among all claſſes. The queſtion was not, Who is the enemy? But, Where is the enemy? It was a moment of impending danger; the duty we owed our country, therefore, inſpired us with only one ſentiment. The noble ſpirit diſplayed by the ſtudents at the ſiege in 1658-60 was now equally conſpicuous in their ſucceſſors, who with one hand and one heart, aſſociated themſelves into a corps of twelve hundred;

while thoſe ſons of the muſes whom age or infirmity prevented from rallying round the ſtandard of patriotiſm, did all in their power to encourage and confirm ſo laudable an effort. Chamberlain Lindenkrone ſent a thouſand dollars to the aid of thoſe ſtudents whoſe private means were unequal to the expenſe of their public duties.

The command of this corps was given to Mr. de Hauch, Marſhal of the court, who ſoon placed it in excellent order.

M. de Lauriſton, happening to be at Copenhagen, honored the parade with his preſence, and was pleaſed to compliment their military ſkill and patriotic ſpirit, by ſaying, "At the head of ſuch brave youths he "would advance againſt any enemy." This may be thought a good reaſon to have made them vain, but a better reaſon was, they could do very well without him for their leader.

The firſt and ſecond days paſſed quietly over, but on on the morning of April 1ſt, we could perceive an unuſual buſtle among the Engliſh ſhipping. Some frigates and lighter veſſels got under weigh, and were employed in ſounding. Towards evening twelve ſail of the line, all the frigates, and moſt of the ſmaller veſſels weighed, and with a northern breeze paſſed through the Hollander deep. Admiral Parker, with eight ſail of the line and two ſmall veſſels, preſerved his ſtation, while Admiral Nelſon anchored, with his diviſion, beyond the fire of our outermoſt ſhips.

Conjecture was now at an end. A change of wind to the ſouthward would enable Lord Nelſon to bear

down with his diviſion, and we anxiouſly awaited the awful moment. Our ſhips were moored with four anchors, and manned, indiſcriminately, by people of all deſcriptions, haſtily collected for the preſent exigency; they had been conſtantly on the alert during the former two nights, a third was now added to their fatigue; and when it is conſidered, that theſe people were unacquainted with the exerciſe of great guns, that they were all day employed in practiſing, and all night in watching, the compliment paid them by Mr. Bardenfleth, firſt lieutenant on board the Charlotte Amelia, in his profeſſional account of the battle, will not be deemed ſuperfluous.

He ſays, "The ſpirit which animated all hands on "board, and not their real ſtrength, enabled them to "perform what they did."

The morning of April 2 dawned—and the wind blowing ſoutherly, our Commodore made a ſignal for the whole line to lay their broadſide to the enemy.

The following were the Ships of which our Line conſiſted:

1. Proeveſteen, Capt. Laſſen, 58, cut down ſhip of the line, without maſts.
2. Vagrien, Capt. Riiſbrigh, 50, cut down ſhip of the line, without maſts.
3. Rendsborg, Capt. Egede, 20 Prame, with maſts.
4. Nyeborg, Capt. Rothe, 20 Prame, with maſts.
5. Iylland, Capt. Branth, 50, cut down ſhip of the line, without maſts.
6. Aggershuus, Lieut. Faſting, 20 Prame, with maſts.

7. Cronborg, Lieut. Hauch, 24, cut down frigate, without masts.
8. Danbrog, Fischer, Com. Braun, Capt. 64, ship of the line, without masts.
9. Elven, Capt. Holsteen, 18, repeating sloop of war.
10. Heyen, Lieut. Muller, 18, floating battery, without masts.
11. No. 1, Lieut. Villemoes, 24, floating battery, without masts.
12. Sielland, Capt. Harboe, 74, ship of the line, with masts, but no sails.
13. Svœrdfisken, Lieut, Sommerfeldt, 18, floating battery, without masts.
14. Holsteen, Capt. Ahrenfeldt, 64, ship of the line, with masts, but no sails.
15. Charlotte Amelia, Capt. Koefoed, 26, an old Indiaman cut down, without masts.
16. Socheften, Lieut. Middelboe, 18, floating battery, without masts.
17. Indfoedfretten, Capt. Thura, 64, ship of the line, without masts.
18. Hielperen, Lieut. Lillienskiold, 20, bomb, but had at that time no mortars on board.
19. Eleven gun boats of 2 guns each, which retired immediately at the commencement of the action.
20. The battery of the Three Crowns, 64, eight 36 pounders, fifty-six 24 pounders, three mortars of 150 lb. each, (not employed) one carronade of 96, and three of 36 lb. (not employed.)
21. The Elephant, 64, ship of the line, without masts.

These were the only ships, and battery, with which the British fleet engaged. The Mars, a 64 gun ship, was stationed astern of the Elephant, to protect the entrance of the inner roads, but did not come into action, nor did the following ships, lying in the inner roads, under the command of Commodore Steen Bille:

Danmark,	Steen Bille,	74, ready for sea.
Tree Kroner,	Riegelsen,	74, ditto
Iris,	Brown,	44, frigate, ditto
Sarpen,	Fabritius Tengnagel,	18, brig, ditto
Nid Elven,	Gethe,	18, brig, ditto.

Neither the citadel, the batteries on the new dock yard, nor those on the Island of Amack, could render any assistance, from the remote situation of our line of defence, beyond which the British fleet lay. Another strong proof may be adduced, the shot from the British fleet passed over our block ships, without material injury to the batteries, and only one ship, the Danmark, had a few men wounded by a gun, which a ball from the English shivered.

Between nine and ten, both divisions of the British weighed, and our Commodore hoisted his flag of defiance from the Danbrog. Admiral Parker, with the zeal characteristic of a British seaman, beat up against wind and current, towards the battery of the Three Crowns, proposing to awe our ships in the inner roads, while the Hero of the Nile bore right down on our line

The Edgar led the Britiſh van, advancing in a moſt gallant ſtyle againſt the Proeveſteen, which opened her fire on the former, five minutes after ten. The Vagrien then poured in a broadſide, juſt as the Edgar was upon the tack to take her ſtation; a ſecond broadſide was diſcharged from the Proeveſteen, when the whole of the Britiſh line gained rapidly on ours; in a few minutes two-third parts of our ſhips were in action. As our line was not broken, only one half of the force, on either ſide, was, conſequently, engaged.

It would be vain in me to touch upon a ſubject, which has, if I may ſay ſo, exhauſted the powers of poets and artiſts. Britiſh fortitude and ſkill have been ſo often diſplayed, that I need but ſay, the brave tars, on this occaſion, hardly perceived the ſignal before the glory of Albion ſhone in all its wonted ſplendor.

Before I ſhall endeavour to deſcribe ſuch traits as particularly commanded the admiration and gratitude of our nation, I muſt beg leave to preſent this apology—However impartial the hiſtorian, it is, at beſt, an invidious taſk to draw the outlines of an event which interweaves the honor and intereſt of every individual ſo immediately with the glory and welfare of his country. Chance frequently befriends us in an action, more than talent; but would it not be unfair to conceal the ſplendid advantages reſulting to individuals who have conducted themſelves bravely, becauſe men of more eſtabliſhed merits had not the good fortune to meet with a ſimilar opportunity of diſplaying their proweſs?

Our foremoſt ſhip, the Proveſteen, was expoſed, during the whole of the action, to the fire of the Polyphemus, of 64 guns, the Ruſſell, and the Bellona, which two latter ſhips ran aground at the commencement of the battle; but this misfortune (as Lord Nelſon obſerved) did not impede their ſervice. The Proveſteen was, at the ſame time, raked by the La Deſiré, of 40 guns, and a gun brig.

Great as was the diſtinction which Commodore Fiſcher, in his report, conferred on the Proveſteen and her gallant Captain Laſſen, "Notwithſtanding "my high ſenſe of Daniſh bravery, it was heighten-"ed by the conduct of the Proveſteen, which conti-"nued to fight till all her guns were diſmounted," the compliment of Lord Nelſon is, in my opinion, ſtill greater.*

Captain Riiſbrigh ſtood, on this occaſion, as undaunted upon the quarter deck of the Vagrien, as when a lieutenant, on board the Formidable, under the gallant Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782. For England he aſſiſted to acquire glory and ſucceſs; for Denmark he obtained only the former.

Soon after eleven o'clock the Danbrog, Captain Braun, took fire, which compelled Commodore Fiſ-

* "No. 1, 2, 3, and 4, being ſubdued, which is expected to hap-"pen *at an early period*, the Iſis and Agamemnon are to cut their ca-"bles, and immediately make ſail, and take their ſtation ahead of the "Polyphemus, in order to ſupport that part of the line."

Orders of Lord Nelſon previouſly to the battle of Copenhagen, on the 2d of April. See the Courier for Wedneſday the 22d of April, 1801.

cher to ſhift his broad pendant to the Holſtein, but Braun continued to fight her till he loſt his right hand. Captain Lemming ſucceeded in the command, and although the flames blazed around them, threatening immediate deſtruction, the Danbrog maintained her fire till the cloſe of the engagement, againſt her powerful adverſary, the Glatton, which latter mounted 68 pound carronades on her lower deck.

When Commodore Fiſcher, famed for the coolneſs and perſpicuity of his judgment in the hour of trial,* left the Danbrog, the battle raged with the utmoſt fury. The Britiſh finding that our foremoſt ſhips were far from ſlackning fire, now extended their line, and at noon all our ſhips, as well as the battery, were ſtrenuouſly engaged in the awful conteſt.

Captain Thura, of the Indfoedſretten, fell at the beginning of the action; and all the ſubaltern officers were either killed or wounded, except a lieutenant, and a marine officer. In this ſtate of confuſion, the colours were, by accident, ſtruck; the Britiſh, however, made no attempt to board the Indfoedſretten, ſhe being rather dangerouſly moored athwart our battery. A boat was diſpatched from the ſhip to carry the tidings of her Commander's death to the Prince Royal, who had from the dawn of day, taken his ſtation upon a battery. Here, amid ſhowers of ſhells and cannon balls, Frederick, the wife, the good, and

* He had lately returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where his ſhip, the Oldenborg, a 64, was wrecked, in company with the Sceptre, a Britiſh man of war, on the 6th November, 1799.

the brave, ſuperintended, calmly and actively, for the aſſiſtance of the ſhips engaged. By ſhewing how a Prince ought to meet danger, he taught others to deſpiſe it.

When the Prince received the meſſage from the Indfoedfretten, he turned round, and with an air that gave confidence to all about him, ſaid, "Gentlemen, Thura is killed; who of you will take the command?" "I will," replied Mr. Schroederſee, in a feeble voice; and haſtened eagerly on board. This gentleman had been a captain in the navy; but on account of ill health had lately reſigned. The hour of neceſſity ſeemed to invigorate his waſted form, and in hopes to ſerve his country, he forgot himſelf.

The crew perceiving a new commander coming along ſide, hoiſted their colours and fired a broadſide. When he came on deck he found great numbers killed and wounded; and, therefore, inſtantly called to thoſe that had rowed him to get quickly on board. It was his laſt effort—a ball ſtruck him—and Schroederſee was no more. Mr. Niſſen, a lieutenant of the navy, who attended this gallant tar to his noble fate, next took the command; and continued to fight the ſhip for the remainder of the day.

The engagement had now laſted upwards of three hours, without any glimpſe of victory on either ſide. A determined perſeverance appeared to inflame both parties. Our line, ſteadfaſtly preſerved its original poſition, and every ſhip maintained its ſtation except the Rendſborg, prame, which drove aſhore, her ca-

bles having been ſhot away at the commencement of the attack; and the Elven, a repeating ſloop of war, which had ſheered off a little after twelve, her maſts being very materially damaged.

When the Britiſh fleet firſt bore down upon us, the eleven gun boats retired.

About two o'clock the fire from the reſpective fleets abated conſiderably; and our ſhips appeared very much diſabled. The damage ſuſtained by the Britiſh, was, apparently, trivial, from our ſhips having conſtantly directed their fire at the enemy's hulls. This was, undoubtedly the ſloweſt method of diſabling an adverſary; yet it was the ſureſt; and certainty is, at all events, preferable to chance.

Conſidering the expoſed ſituation of our men* on board, it was a matter of real ſurpriſe, that ſo few, comparatively, ſuffered from the immenſe quantity of ſhot which had been poured in upon them.

Had every ball that ſtruck our maſts, wounded our hulls, there would, in all probability, have been no priſoners of war.

At two o'clock the Nyeborg, prame, having her main, mizen maſts, bowſprit, and foretop maſt ſhot away, and the captain perceiving her almoſt ready to ſink, ordered the cables to be cut, and the foreſail to be ſet, that they might ſteer for the inner roads. As

* On thoſe of our ſhips which were cut down, it is obvious, that the men ſtationed on the upper deck muſt have been uninterruptedly annoyed from the grape ſhot, which, to ward off, no other means had been contrived than the precarious ſhelter of hammocks ſtowed in the netting.

he paſſed the line he deſcried the Aggerſhuus, a veſſel of the ſame deſcription as his own, in the moſt miſerable plight, her maſts having all gone by the board, and the hull on the eve of ſinking. Captain Rothe ſhewed himſelf a true ſeaman, who not only reſolutely meets his own dangers, but alſo cheerfully ſhares in thoſe of others. Having made faſt a cable from his ſtern to the ſtem of the Aggerſhuus, he towed her off; and thus obtained as glorious a triumph as if he had come in with an enemy's ſhip.

Soon after two o'clock Commodore Fiſcher removed his broad pendant from the Holſtein to the Battery of the Three Crowns, whence he commanded during the latter part of the engagement.

At this moment Lieutenant Lillienſkiold finding his ſhip, the Hielperen, ſurrounded by a very ſuperior force, cut his cables, and brought her ſafe into the inner roads. Mr. Lillienſkiold was no ſtranger to the buſineſs of the day; he had in the year 1799, fought in the Weſt Indies, with a privateer, and both contended ſo obſtinately, that they were obliged to ſeparate for want of powder.

Laſt, though not leaſt, is Mr. Villemoes, a ſecond lieutenant, who commanded the floating battery, No. 1. Much has been ſaid about his ſkill in manœuvering his raft, which conſiſted merely of a number of beams nailed together, on them a flooring was laid to ſupport the guns It was ſquare with breaſt work, full of port holes, and without maſts. I ſhall not take upon myſelf to argue how far it were poſſible to manage ſuch a log, but merely ſay, the manner in which

Villemoes manœuvred his guns, and ultimately ſaved his raft, attracted the notice of Lord Nelſon, whoſe ſhip lay, for ſome time, oppoſite the floating battery. The Admiral is ſaid, in the handſomeſt manner, to have noticed to the Prince Royal, how much the country, on future occaſions, might fairly expect from the abilities of young Villemoes. This trait of his lordſhip I conſider as a never-fading flower in the wreath which military talents and ſucceſs have twined around his brow.

At half paſt two, our fire had nearly ſubſided; but the Jutland, the laſt ſhip that returned the enemy's ſhot, was ſtill engaged, as was the Proeveſteen. However, the Three Crowns had juſt opened its batteries with a dreadful effect, when the white flag was unfurled from Lord Nelſon's main top.

An Engliſh boat, with a flag of truce, came along ſide the Elephant; the captain of which ſent an officer in his boat to accompany it aſhore. The battery, in the mean time, kept up a heavy cannonade, as did the Elephant. As the wind had been South South-Weſt, South, and South South-Eaſt, the whole day, with a ſtrong current, Admiral Parker's diviſion advanced but very little, inſomuch, that a broadſide from the Ramilies, a 74, (his foremoſt ſhip) fell very ſhort of the battery.

The flag of truce having delivered a diſpatch to the Prince Royal, returned, and ſoon afterwards orders were ſent to the commander of the battery to ceaſe firing; their guns had, in the interval, been pointed with the utmoſt effect on the Monarch and Ganges,

which ships were awkwardly situated on the shoal of the battery.

Two flags of truce were then dispatched from shore to Admirals Parker and Nelson; while the British took possession of eleven of our ships.

The sky being suddenly overcast, the aspect of both fleets, the singular spectacle of so many white flags waving from the mast heads, and the reflections natural on such an occasion, combined to render the scene truly awful, the horror of which was considerably heightened by the Danbrog in flames, which blew up within an hour, and thus met with a fate congenial to that of her ancient namesake.*

* In the year 1710, the Danish fleet, under the command of Admiral Glydenloeve, was sent to the Baltic, in pursuit of a Swedish fleet, commanded by Admiral Wachtmeister; but an infectious disease having suddenly seized upon our people, it became necessary for the admiral to bear away for Kioge Bay; and secure to himself the best defensive position. The Swedish Admiral having received this intelligence, hastened to take advantage of our calamity. He appeared off the Bay,—and engaged,—but did not conquer our fleet. On his retreat two ships were stranded off Drako, which he immediately set fire to.

During the engagement one of our line of battle ships—the Danbrog, took fire, nor could all our efforts to extinguish the flames avail. Captain Hvitfeldt saw one ray of hope which seemed to promise safety to himself and his crew; it was to cut his cables and drive ashore; there was, however, danger to be apprehended if the wind should change, in which case she would drift among our own fleet, and thus endanger both shipping and town. Of two evils, Hvitfeldt chose the least. He gave positive orders that the cables should not be cut; then sent his officers among the crew, briefly to explain to them, that their fate either way would be inevitable; and at the same time to

Our ſhores, during the conflict, were lined with an amazing concourſe of ſpectators, whom different motives had aſſembled, while the King of Sweden contented himſelf with a diſtant view of the battle. The manner in which the ſtruggle had commenced and ended could not fail to prove grateful to us who had maintained it ſingle handed. The moſt lively ſentiments of joy, therefore, marked every countenance; for of what conſequence was the loſs of a few hulks compared with the loſs, or even the diſparagement of that honor, which originates in the fidelity of ſubjects towards their monarch, and his adherence to the engagements he had made?

Such of our gallant countrymen as had been wounded, were brought aſhore. Hitherto our reflections on their brave exertions had ſolely occupied our minds, but at the ſight of them our thoughts were entirely directed to their ſufferings, and ſelfiſh exultation yielded to the impulſe of generous pity. The hoſpitals which had been kept in conſtant readineſs for their reception, now offered them immediate ſhelter; but they required more—They had rivalled each other in defending all that was dear to us; duty now claim-

aſk them, if it would not be more glorious to purſue the deſtruction of their enemy while the Dannbrog exiſted, than by a vain attempt to ſave themſelves, endanger thouſands of their countrymen?

The ſailors approved the opinion of their gallant captain by their cordial cheers. Hvitfeldt then ſent ſix men on board the admiral to inform him of their determination, and to bid their country farewell. In a few minutes the flames reaching the magazine,—exploſion followed, and all on board mounted to the ſkies.

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ed our exertions in their behalf. Their wounds were naturally the firſt object of our attention; our fair countrywomen humanely collected a quantity of lint for the occaſion. Princeſſes and beggar girls emulated each other in this honorable competition; they had within two or three days collected ſuch quantities for the hoſpitals, that the ſuperintendants inſerted advertiſements in the newſpapers expreſſing their thanks for what had been received, with a requeſt, that no more might be ſent. The eagerneſs to promote their other comforts, was equally uniform and general.

Every houſewife ſent wine, lemons, ſugar, and whatever her ſtores afforded, while the men ſtood forward to employ their means in ſubſtantiating a permanent reward for their zealous defenders.

The participation hence appears to have been univerſal, and without any other ſtimulus than private feeling. But an opportunity preſented itſelf, which was alike happily and ſeaſonably embraced to raiſe the powers of our hearts and minds.

The Nyeborg, prame, could help the Aggershuus no farther than a ſhoal, called Stubben, where ſhe ſank. Captain Rothe then worked his own veſſel up to the Cuſtom-Houſe,* where ſhe ſank to her gunwale. The ſight of the prame was dreadful in the extreme; there was nothing but the ſtump of her foremaſt ſtanding; her ſhrouds ſhattered; all her guns, except one, diſmounted; her cabin ſtove in; and her decks covered with dead bodies, and ſevered

* The landing place at Copenhagen is commonly ſo called from its vicinity to the Cuſtom-Houſe.

limbs. When I reflect on this ſcene I ſhudder, as did all who witneſſed it; but Profeſſor Rahbek turned it to a better account, and in the Daniſh Spectator, which is conſtantly on the alert to laſh our follies, to condemn our vices, and to commend our virtues, wrote the following lines:

"*Countrymen! repair to the Cuſtom-Houſe, view* "*Nyeborg, and be convinced how a Daniſh ſhip muſt be* "*diſabled before a Daniſh ſeaman can perſuade himſelf to* "*retire from action!*"

I ſhall not encroach on the judgment of my reader by expatiating on the effects of theſe words.

The morning of Good Friday dawned, and about eight o'clock a ſcene took place, which (if I may ſay it) excited more univerſal regret than all the miſchances of the preceding day. The Zealand, 74, drifted, at the cloſe of the engagement, on the ſhoal, under the battery. Her flag was not to be ſeen, but the pendant waved from her mainmaſt head; whence it is as fair to infer, that the former had been ſhot away as that it had been ſtruck; the more ſo, as ſeveral of our ſhips (among which the Proeveſteen) fought the whole battle without any flag. An Engliſh gun brig, and three long boats, well manned, laid themſelves along ſide the Zealand. The men from the boats went on board, and faſtening a cable round the the bowſprit of the Zealand, the gun veſſel towed her away. In the mean time an Engliſh ſailor went aloft, and tore down the Zealand's pendant, which was nailed to the enſign-ſtaff, (the ſhip not being rigged for

tive ſervice) and hoiſted an Engliſh pendant in its room. Commodore Steen Bille, on perceiving this, went in his barge to the battery of the Three Crowns, and demanded of its commander (a major of the marines) why he had not ſunk the Zealand, rather than ſuffer her to fall into the hands of the enemy?

The major anſwered, that as hoſtilities had ceaſed he could not fire. "True," replied Bille, "but do "you ſee how ſnugly the Engliſh are making off with "our ſhip?"

Commodore Bille not having been ordered on the day of battle to ſlip his cables and ſtand out with his little ſquadron, afforded much matter of diſcuſſion as to the propriety or impropriety of the act. The valor of Bille had been conſpicuouſly tried; the officers who ſerved under him were men of ſkill and intrepidity; the crews were in a ſtate of high diſcipline and ſpirits; and their ſhips very nearly new; it was, therefore, juſtifiable to entertain the beſt hopes of ſucceſs.

I ſhall not pretend to decide how far it would have been adviſeable, however practicable it may have been. It is ſaid, the Prince Royal not knowing what reſiſtance our line of defence might be able to make againſt Lord Nelſon, had reſolved, Bille's ſquadron ſhould work up cloſe to Copenhagen, if the Britiſh diviſion, after ſubduing our block ſhips, ſhould attempt to enter the inner roads; for from the outer roads the fleet might have bombarded Copenhagen as long as it pleaſed.

In the courſe of the forenoon, Admiral Nelſon came in his barge into the inner roads, and went on board of the Denmark, where he partook of ſome refreſhment, and then proceeded aſhore. On his landing he was received by the people, neither with acclamations nor with murmurs; they did not degrade themſelves with the former, nor diſgrace themſelves with the latter. The admiral was received as one brave enemy ever ought to receive another—he was received with reſpect. A carriage was provided for his lordſhip, which he, however, declined, and walked amid an immenſe crowd of perſons anxious to catch a glimpſe of the Britiſh hero, to the palace of the Prince Royal. After dinner the Admiral was introduced to the Prince, and the negociation commenced. The next day his Lordſhip came again aſhore, and dined with the Prince Royal, as he did frequently till the ninth of April when the armiſtice was finally concluded.

On one of his viſits to Copenhagen, Lord Nelſon inſpected our Naval Academy, to which he, in a manner highly honorable to himſelf, and to us, preſented ſome gold medals of value to be diſtributed among the moſt ſkilful of the midſhipmen.

In the nights ſucceeding the battle, all the prizes taken by the Britiſh were burnt, excepting the Holſtein, of 64 guns, which was ſent to England; ſhe was 30 years old, and had, together with the Zealand, been fitted out to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to Norway, but they were both, afterwards, conſidered unfit for the ſervice, and placed in the line of defence. While the negociation was on the tapis, and its iſſue,

consequently, uncertain; the anxiety and feelings expressed by the people at large, were such as may be conceived, but cannot be described.

On the 5th of April the killed were buried in the naval church-yard. The solemn procession consisted of a numerous train of admirals, generals, divines, literati, citizens, in short, every individual, whose bosom glowed with love to his country. Anthems, written for the occasion, resounded from every lip, and tears of mingled grief and joy flowed from every eye. On this memorable day, subscriptions were also opened for the relief of our sufferers. To dwell on the alacrity with which every one eagerly stepped forward with his offering, would be superfluous. Those who act from a pure conviction that they only do their duty, seek no panegyric—their reward is in their own bosom; I shall therefore merely state the magnificence of the rich man's gift, and the no less spirited zeal of the poor man's mite. Mr. De Coninck gave 10,000 dollars, and Rose, a disbanded veteran, presented to the committee, his three only marks!*

Among those who, afterwards, essentially contributed to increase the fund, was Mr. Knudsen, an actor, belonging to the Theatre-Royal. Being an excellent vocal performer, he determined on giving selections of music, in the different churches throughout the kingdom, for the benefit of those who had suffered in the battle. The solemn ceremony was attended with this appropriate pageantry.—An urn was raised

* About two shillings sterling.

in the midſt of the church, ſurmounted by the Daniſh flag and pendant. A number of young maidens, dreſſed in white, ſtood around it, accompanied, either by ſome individual who had been wounded, or the widow and orphans of one who had fallen in the battle. The rector delivered a ſuitable diſcourſe, and in the concert Mr. Knudſen gave ſome of the moſt patriotic ſongs. A certain ſum was ſettled for admittance, but moſt people exceeded the demand.

On this circuit, which Mr. Knudſen made in the ſummer of 1801, he collected upwards of 17,000 dollars; but his praiſe-worthy efforts did not go unrewarded. The opera of Erik, the Good, was performed for his benefit, when his emoluments, it is ſaid, amounted to 600l. ſuch was the public anxiety to teſtify towards him gratitude and eſteem.

At the concluſion of the piece, Mr. Knudſen came forward to return his thanks; when he produced the Medal of Merit, conferred on him by his Majeſty; and in an handſome ſpeech, confeſſed his obligations to his KING and to his COUNTRY.

Whether we had, or had not, reaſon to complain of the heroic deeds of our friends, we had none to complain of their heroic ſongs: in this they ſucceſsfully rivalled each other. The poem on the battle, written by Mr. Wallmark,* deſerves, on many accounts, the firſt rank. He conceived his ſubject with all the warmth of a noble heart, and pourtrayed it with all the imagery of a glowing mind; and if its

* Secretary to the Royal Library at Stockholm.

merits can be enhanced, it is, when we view it as the production of a Swede. I cannot doubt that those aſperſions are alſo known in this country, which induſtrious travellers, of lying and ſplenetic memory, have fabricated in their own fertile brains to impoſe upon the credulous part of mankind, and which they have ſold wholeſale in Germany, to be retailed throughout the world.

They pretend that a determined enmity is radically cheriſhed between the Swedes and Danes; which aſſertion Mr. Wallmark has moſt ably and generouſly confuted, to the ſhame of that worthleſs ſcribbling tribe, and in a manner highly gratifying to every Dane.—He ſays, in his Poem,—

"*That country ye approach is Juul's.*"*

* In the ſummer of 1677, a Swediſh fleet of 36 ſail, under the command of Admiral Count Horn, ſteered for Zealand; the Daniſh Admiral, Niels Juul, was then lying at anchor, in Kioge bay; his ſituation was critical, as his orders neither inſtructed him to engage, nor permitted him to avoid the enemy, who were now cruiſing off Moen. Juul ſent repeatedly to his maſter, Chriſtian 5th, for orders, but received none. In the mean time, the Swedes were reinforced with 8 ſhips. Upon this, Juul wrote, preſſingly, to the King, intreating his Majeſty to give him orders. At length the admiral's brother, Baron Jens Juul, was diſpatched to him with inſtructions. The Baron on his arrival in the bay, went on board every ſhip, encouraging the men to be ſtedfaſt to their duty, and do honour to their King and country. Meanwhile the Swediſh fleet was getting under weigh, to attack the Danes. It ſoon after bore down, and the action was commencing, as Jens Juul came along ſide of his brother's ſhip. When he had reached the quarter-deck, he uttered theſe remarkable words, "*Now Niels, fight and conquer!*" The battle raged—ſix of the ene-

I do not hesitate to affirm, that this single line produced a more congenial effect on both nations, than if we, with the assistance of our brave and worthy neighbours, had obtained a victory.

A French poem was also written by Mr. Malthe Conrad Bruun, a young Dane, who had been banished his country. Independent of its poetical beauties, it contains the truth of this maxim. "You may quit "your country, but you cannot quit the unceasing "love you naturally cherish for it."

Mr. Bruun's first production, was "*The Aristocrats' Catechism;*" for that he was pardoned; but having afterwards written another, entitled "*Tria juncta in uno,*" he was prosecuted, and sentenced to perpetual banishment. The trial took place in his absence, for he had previously fled to France. It is to be lamented that this genius should have misapplied the axiom of Goldsmith, in his Citizen of the World, "We "should find every great attempt suppressed by pru- "dence, and the rapturous sublimity in writing cool- "ed by a cautious fear of giving offence. We should "find few of those daring spirits, who bravely venture "to be wrong; and who are willing to hazard much "for the sake of great acquisitions."

my's ships had surrounded the Danish Admiral; but Juul was firm, cool, and intrepid. At length his ship, *Christian* 5th, was dismasted, and otherwise so shattered that Niels was obliged to shift his flag on board the *Frederick* 3d, which taking fire shortly after, he was compelled to move on board a third, and then CONQUERED. The following day, he arrived in the roads of Copenhagen with eleven prizes.

A third poem, in German, was compoſed by Profeſſor Tilly of Berlin. The author dwells on the fate of the *Invincible* of 74 guns, and augurs much diſaſter.

In his lofty numbers, he very happily introduces alluſions on the placid features, formerly deſcriptive of a Dane, which, when aroufed, glorioufly aſſumed the martial front of enthuſiaſm.

An anonymous Batavian produced the fourth poem, which is but ſhort. However, the author has done ample juſtice to his ſubject. He abounds in beautiful images and happy alluſions, ſet forth in elegant and energetic language; and the performance, upon the whole, reflects credit on the powers of the Batavian poet.

The three firſt poems tranſlated into Daniſh, by Profeſſor Rahbek; and the fourth by a Mr. Hagerup, were publiſhed under the title of "*Diſtant echoes of our glorious 2d of April.*"

To enumerate the productions of our nation would be an endleſs taſk; poets and poetaſters, authors and ſcribblers; wits and blockheads, all daſhed at the ſame ſubject. The war ſong of Mr. E. Falſen:

"Up! to arms! the foe is advancing!"*

is the foremoſt. It was diſtributed among the crews of the blockſhips; and, I have no doubt, produced an

* It was my particular wiſh to have given the public a complete tranſlation of this ſong, but fearing leſt the ſpirit of the author might loſe its qualities in the tranſmigration, I have, for the preſent, been deterred from the undertaking.

happy influence on their minds, from the manner in which the patriotic poet draws the exploits of their anceſtors: for who would not liſten to the fiery ſtrains of a loyal bard?

Of the ſongs, written ſubſequent to the battle, that by the Rev. Mr. F. Schmidt, Rector of Eger, in Norway, is extremely beautiful. The following lines from Cowper ſerve as a motto:

> "The man that is not mov'd with what he reads,
> "That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
> "Unworthy of the bleſſings of the brave,
> "Is baſe in kind, and born to be a ſlave!"

The Daniſh Spectator reflected much ſplendor from the ſame ſubject; it was tranſcendent. It became an atmoſphere beſet with new ſtars, whoſe various glories will perpetuate the memory of the 2d of April.

For ſeveral weeks Profeſſor Rahbek wrote and received eſſays on this theme, till the diſapprobation of ſome inclined them to cenſure the editor, for perſiſting, in what they called, a thread-bare ſubject; but the murmurs reaching Rahbek, he ſilenced theſe little minds, by a ſevere ſtricture in his next number.

"Were you," he ſays, "now flying from a ſucceſsful foe; your houſes in flames; your families hurrying over the ruins of the once beautiful city, where comfort and happineſs ſmiled around you; then would you wiſh you *had been* as bravely defended as you *have been*. Then ſhould I have participated in the general calamity, and have felt on that occaſion a reſigna-

tion as composed, as my exultation is now animated."*

Mr. Rahbek continued to write, and every week produced new interest; when the volume of that half year was completed, he sent it to the Prince Royal, from whom he received an answer, which I regret I cannot give in exact words, but to this purport. "That the Prince had perused the Spectator, with the "greatest pleasure, found it contain sentiments which "could not fail to inspire his countrymen on any fu-"ture occasion; and was firmly persuaded that they "would ever preserve it sacred."

Professor Thaarup wrote an opera, entitled "THE RETURN;" the plot, founded on the battle, is as follows:

The son of an old rich peasant, hearing the cannonading of Cronborg, leaves his father's house, and is fled, no one knows whither. The poor old man is inconsolable, suspecting his son, whose exemption† he had bought, was gone to town to volunteer his services; but his neighbour, an old invalid boatswain, having encouraged his own son to repair on board the block-ships, attempts to console the unhappy father; telling him, his boy will return, a blessing to him, and an honor to his country. "Would you," added the

* This is not a literal translation of Rahbek's words, but given from memory.

† Formerly rich peasants paid a certain sum, or provided substitutes to serve in the place of their sons; but this custom has ceased. All men must serve, there is no exception.

gallant tar, "if our little iſland were invaded, ſkulk "from the foe, or would you not boldly ſtand before "the door, and bravely defend your rights?" A handſome girl, betrothed to the run-away, makes her appearance before her deſtined father in-law, heroically declaring, "ſhe will never marry any one, who, "when his country is in danger, ſhrinks from the "conteſt." This ſhe ſays without being certain of her lover's motives for his abſence. Another girl, who knows her lover is in the battle, yields to a woman's fears, and anticipates his death. After the battle the young villagers return home. The old man's ſon appears among them, wounded, but the lover of the latter girl was killed in the action. The meeting between the father and ſon, bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the firſt ſcene between Peregrine and Job Thornberry, in John Bull; but the old man's anger changes to joy, and the youth, at the requeſt of the by-ſtanders, briefly relates the fate of Lieut. Hauch, in whoſe ſhip he fought.

"When the Engliſh came on board, they would "have thrown his body into the ſea, but I requeſted "them to ſtop a little, then wrapping the corpſe in "our colours, we gave it to the deep. Such was the "burial of our commander."

Shortly after, the ſon of the boatſwain enters, producing a piece of the Nyeborg's maſt, on which were the marks of a ball and a bar-ſhot having gone through it. This they erected on the centre of the ſtage, and all the neighbours bring out their little boys, who are taught to ſwear upon it, that they will

ever defend their country, as bravely as their fathers did. The poor girl, whose lover was killed, is at first inconsolable; but recollecting how nobly he fell, she becomes reconciled; her grief changes to admiration, and the piece concludes with the union of the lovers.

The praise which the anthor had justly acquired from his former operas, the *Harvest Home*, the *Marriage of Peter*, &c. and the manner in which the different characters were sustained in the *Return*, together with the effect of the plot in every man's mind, confirmed his reputation. The old boatswain was very ably performed by Mr. Knudsen, who is ever at home in characters of this cast; he rather "overdoes termagant," but he is the greatest favorite the public have. They forgive his "over-stepping the modesty of nature."

It is impossible to describe the public feelings, when the little children swore on the piece of the wounded mast, every eye glistened with tears, and the universal impression on the audience was so powerful, that I doubt if they ever felt more, at seeing the fair Dyveke eat of the fatal cherries, or the patriotic Niels Ebbesen die for his country.

Nor were these the only efforts made to hand down to posterity the memory of the 2d of April. Mr. Lorentzen produced a painting of the battle, which for beauty and historical correctness,* will hold a distin-

* Mr. Clements has engraved it. This Gentleman has given a fine specimen of his talents in the engraving of Ossian, dedicated to his Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq. His Britannic Majesty's then Ambassador at the Court of Denmark. He also, while in London, engraved the death of the American General Montgomery.

guiſhed rank in the Daniſh ſchool; he choſe the moment of Commodore Fiſcher's ſhifting his broad pendant on board the Holſtein. It was purchaſed by the Prince Royal, for 1200 dollars; and Mr. De Coninck beſpoke a copy. The painter afterwards drew a companion of it; repreſenting the ſituation of both fleets, when two Britiſh line of battle ſhips ran foul of each other, and in that ſituation got aground, where they were raked by red hot balls from the battery of the Three Crowns, on which account Lord Nelſon ſent us the flag of truce.

Mr. Sander wrote a poem on the battle, which Mr. Lahde ornamented with an engraving. This little production was ſold at two ſhillings, and the receipts appropriated by theſe Gentlemen to the erection of a ſimple monument, on the ſpot where the ſlain were buried.—Twelve hundred dollars were preſently collected, for moſt perſons paid more than the ſtipulated price On the 2d of April, 1802, the foundation ſtone was laid by Commodore Fiſcher, who depoſited a medal containing the names of thoſe 18 ſhips which chiefly ſuſtained the heat of the engagement. The Right Rev. Dr. Block, delivered an appropriate diſcourſe on the occaſion, and after the ceremony, all the officers repaired to the Palace, where they received from the Prince Royal gold Medals of Honor. At the ſame inſtant others, in ſilver, were diſtributed at the admiralty, to the petty officers, ſeamen, ſoldiers, and volunteers, who had entitled themſelves to diſtinction.

The medal, on one ſide, repreſents a Lion on the ſtern of a Roman veſſel, holding in one paw a ſhield, emblazoned with the Daniſh arms, and in the other an uplifted club; the ſuperſcription—COURAGE DEFENDS; beneath—THE 2d OF APRIL, 1801. On the reverſe, a ſword and ſceptre croſs each other, ſurmounted by a crown; beneath—THE KING HONORS—THE COUNTRY APPRECIATES; round the edge, the name and rank of the officer, with that of the ſhip or battery in which he earned the diſtinction. The medal is attached to a red ribband with a white croſs,* and ſuſpended from the button hole.

After the preſentation of theſe medals, the officers were invited to dine with the Prince Royal. In the evening the party went to the Theatre, where a recitative poetical drama, written by Mr. Guldberg, called the PRINCE of PEACE and the CONQUEROR, was performed.

I have now completed my attempts to ſketch, fairly and candidly, the outlines of a day, whoſe morning dawned in lowering clouds on Denmark, but whoſe brighter evening has given us aſſurance of a ſettled calm.

I ſhall endeavour to purſue the taſk of delineating the effects reſulting from the event. They have com-

* This is the miniature reſemblance of our flag, which is called DANEBROG, and originates in the following circumſtance. When VALDEMAR the Victorious, fought in Livonia, his troops were nearly vanquiſhed. But on his producing a red ſtandard with a white croſs, which he told them had deſcended from the heavens, they rallied round it, and conquered.

bined to give a ſtability to the condition of our country, which, conſidering its circumſcribed means, yields in firmneſs to none.

One of the conſequences of the engagement, was the origin of that fund, which in the year 1802, accumulated to upwards of 50,0001.—The intereſt of this ſum is applicable to the maintenance, relief and education of about 650 perſons, who were either individually ſufferers,* or who had loſt their wives, their huſbands, or their children. At the deceaſe of any of theſe, or when they are otherwiſe provided for, the portion employed in their maintenance reverts to the capital, which, naturally, in the courſe of many peaceful years, will prove a great encouragement for men chearfully to meet danger in the defence of their country.

Our rulers and our nation having on the day of peril been taught to whom they might look up for defence, cauſed an entire reform to take place in the military ſyſtem of the country.—Germans were for ever baniſhed our ſervice, and equality has been eſtabliſhed among all, who according to the conſtitution, are liable to ſerve as ſoldiers. Rich and poor indiſcriminately ſhare theſe duties. After the expiration of ſix years, (for this time muſt be ſerved,) they are entered in the militia, which differs materially from that of other countries.—The ſervice being familiar to them,

* According to the eſtimation, made out by order, and under the ſuperintendance of the Admiralty, 1020 perſons were killed and wounded in the battle, of whom 10 only were officers.

they are merely now and then, exercised at their homes, to protect which, they are only to be called upon in future. After the 45th year of their age, they are no longer subject to the duties of soldiers, except on an emergency; and then to carry such arms, as their enfeebled frames will allow them, for instance, scythes, forks, &c.—Thus a force of upwards of 70,000 are constantly ready, which added to the regular army and volunteers in war time, give Denmark the protection of about 200,000 men, who headed by a Prince like theirs, will leave nothing for Denmark to fear from invasion.

But the improvements which the navy, our most important branch of defence, has received, surpass all expectation. In order to enable the reader to form some idea, how far I am justified in this expression, I shall endeavour to set before him a sketch of the state and increase of the Danish navy since 1796.

In that year Capt. Hohlenberg was appointed constructor of the Royal Navy, he had travelled through the principal maritime countries of Europe, and improved his natural genius, not only by observing the different methods pursued in the navies and dock-yards of England, France, and Holland, but by even assisting in the work himself. This precaution enabled him to discern the good, and reject the bad. Thus he returned to Denmark, furnished with every requisite to put his extensive plans into execution. The Prince Royal neither undervalued nor overrated the talents of Mr. Hohlenberg, but zealously assisted his project, till experience should either confirm or

condemn it. The Naiad of 36 guns, (the ship I have mentioned in my tour) was the first vessel Hohlenberg built.—The able manner, in which she sailed, added to the excellent effect, with which she encountered the Tripolitans, naturally raised the expectations of Mr. Hohlenberg's talents to the highest pitch.

But what sublunary thing is not liable to change, and what more so than public commendation? Mr. Hohlenberg next constructed the White Eagle, a sloop of war of 28 guns. This vessel went to the Mediterranean in 1798. Unfortunately she had no opportunity to distinguish herself, but by combating the elements, which her gallant crew firmly braved in the bay of Naples.* But what is a victory without bloodshed? Some time after the sloop met with a fatal disaster, the nature of which is not known; all hands must have perished, as no account of them has ever been received from any quarter. Mr. Hohlenberg's Naiad was now quite forgotten, the White Eagle, occupied every one's mind. Mr. Hohlenberg's enemies contended that the loss of the sloop was to be attributed solely to the daring plan upon which she was built.†. Their murmurs had hitherto been silenced, as the Naiad, built on the same plan, evidently answered every purpose; but they had now acquired an opportunity of gratifying their malignity, as they could clearly prove, that Mr. Hohlenberg's plan was

* I am not certain, whether it was not off Leghorn

† Mr. Hohlenberg builds his vessels extremely sharp in the bottom, narrow behind, and with rigging considerably loftier than other ships of war.

not calculated to preſerve his ſhips from being upſet, caſt away, or accidentally burnt.

The next effort of Capt. Hohlenberg was the Swan, a ſchooner, of 10 guns; ſhe was caſt away in the Baltic, but the crew were fortunately ſaved.

He had in the mean time laid down the Norway, 74, and in the interval from 1796 to 1800, completed the Victory, 64, and the Valdemar, 84, which were built on the old plan of Commodore Stibolt.

In 1800, the activity in the naval department attained its zenith of glory. Government purchaſed immenſe loads of timber in Pomerania, which received an unexpected addition from a large quantity of oak, that had been contracted for by a Mr. Echardt, on account of Sweden. It is needleſs to dwell on the reaſons, that may have induced the government of that country, in which no ſhips of force have been built ſince the war with the Ruſſians, not to fulfil an engagement of ſuch a nature. The amount of the timber was calculated at about 300,000 dollars. Mr. Hohlenberg had now materials in abundance, and in the ſame year he laid down and launched a number more ſhips.

But in order to ſhew the rapid effects of this man's induſtry, it will be neceſſary for me to ſtate the number of ſhips in the Daniſh navy at two oppoſite given periods.

STATEMENT

OF THE

DANISH NAVY,

ON THE FIRST JULY, 1800.

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

	For Service. GUNS.	Unserviceable. GUNS.
1 Chriſtian the Seventh,		98
2 Superb,		84
3 Neptune,	84	
4 Valdemar,	84	
5 Denmark,	74	
6 Prince Royal,		74 in Dock.
7 Princeſs Royal,	74	
8 Prince Frederick,	74	
9 Princeſs Sophia,	74	
10 Juſtice,	74	
11 Odin,	74	
12 Skiold,	74	
13 Three Crowns,	74	
14 The Northſtar,	74	
15 Funen,	74	
Carried over	908	256

	For Service.	Unserviceable.
	GUNS.	GUNS.
Brought over	908	256
16 Zealand,	74	
17 Infoedſretten,		64
18 Ditmarſken,	64	
19 Princeſs Louiſa Auguſta,	64	
20 Danbrog,		64
21 Holſtein,	64	
22 Victory,	64	
23 Mars,	64	
24 Vagrien,		64
25 Elephant,		64
26 Sound,		64
27 Jutland,		64
28 Princeſs Vilhelmina,		64
FRIGATES.		
29 Freya,	44	
30 Mermaid,	44	
31 Thetis,	44	
32 Iris,	44	
33 Naiad,	36	
34 Fredericksvaern,	36	
35 St. Thomas,	36	
SLOOP.		
36 Triton,	24	
Carried over	1610	704

	For Service. GUNS.	Unserviceable. GUNS.
BRIGS.		
Brought over	1610	704
37 Lougen,	18	
38 Sarpen,	18	
39 Nid-Elven,	18	
40 Glommen,	18	
41 Flying Fiſh,	16	
PRAMES.		
42 Nyeborg,		20
43 Aggerſhuus,		20
44 Rendsborg,		20
FLOATING BATTERIES.		
45 Shark,		18
46 Seahorſe,		18
47 Sawfiſh,		18
48 No: 1,		24
BOMB.		
49 Aſſiſtance,		20
CUTTER.		
50 Defence,	16	
GUN-BOATS.		
Eleven at 2 guns each,	22	
The Dragon, Zebeck,		20
Total Number of guns on ſhips fit for ſervice	1736	802

STATEMENT

OF THE

DANISH NAVY

ON JULY FIRST, 1802.

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

1	Neptune,	-
2	Valdemar,	-
3	Denmark,	-
4	Norway,	-
5	Prince Royal,	-
6	Princeſs Royal,	-
7	Prince Frederick,	-
8	Princeſs Sophia,	-
9	Juſtice,	-
10	Odin,	-
11	Skiold,	-
12	Three Crowns,	-
13	Funen,	-
14	North Star,	-
15	Princeſs Louiſa Auguſta,	-
16	Victory,	-
17	Mars,	-
18	Ditmarſken,	-

Carried over - - - -

On the ſtocks, nearly ready to be launched.

		Fit for Service. GUNS.
Brought over		1312
19	Chriſtian the Seventh,	90
20	Name unknown,	74
	FRIGATES,	
21	Freya,	44
22	Rota,	44
23	Mermaid,	44
24	Thetis,	44
25	Iris,	44
26	Frederickſvaern,	36
27	A frigate on the ſtocks,	50
	SLOOPS.	
28	Fredericksſteen,	28
29	Triton.	24
30	The Little Belt,	24
31	Fylla,	24
32	The Elbe,	18
33	The Eider,	18
	On the Stocks.	
34	A ſloop of war,	24
35	A ditto	18
	BRIGS.	
36	The Letter-Carrier,	22
37	Fame,	22
Carried over		2014

	Fit for Service. GUNS.
Brought over	2014
38 Lougen,	18
39 Sarpen,	18
40 Nid-Elven,	18
41 Glommen,	18
42 Flying-fiſh,	16
43 A brig on the ſtocks,	22
44 Eagle ſchooner,	10
45 Eleven gun-boats,	22
	2146

FLOATING BATTERIES.

	Unſerviceable. GUNS.
46 St. Thomas,	24
47 Shark,	24
48 Sea-horſe,	24
49 No. I,	24
On the Stocks.	
59 A floating battery,	24
60 Ditto,	18
BOMB.	
61 Aſſiſtance,	20
62 Dragon, Zebeck,	20
	178

Thus on the 1ſt of July, 1800, ſhips fit for ſervice carried 1736 guns, and thoſe unfit 882. On the 1ſt of July 1802, the ſhips fit for ſervice carried 2146 guns, and thoſe unfit 178.

Conſequently Denmark, within the ſhort ſpace of two years, increaſed its actual naval force 410 guns; while the number of guns, on ſhips incapable of actual ſervice amounted to no more than 178.

As our force increaſed, it became our next duty to provide able officers. In the year 1800, the Royal Naval Academy contained only 60 midſhipmen, 30 of whom every ſummer went on a practical excurſion on board a frigate to the Baltic, and the remaining 30 ſailed to the North Sea. But in 1802, their number was augmented to 120, and we had the gratification to obſerve the Victory of 64 guns, and the Letter-carrier, of 22 purpoſely fitted out for the conveyance and inſtruction of theſe future heroes. They always ſail under the inſpection of Captain Sneedorff,* principal ſuperintendant of the Naval Academy. It is uſual for this little expedition to touch at Cronſtadt, upon which occaſion, the Emperor of Ruſſia graciouſly orders them to Peterſburg. This courteſy originated with Paul I. who, perhaps, in gratitude for the ſervices which Bering, and other Daniſh ſeamen had rendered to Ruſſia, was pleaſed to invite Captain Sneedorff and his young ſailors to the metropolis, where the Emperor entertained them magnifi-

* The Captain is brother to Profeſſor Sneedorff, who while in England, on his travels, loſt his life by jumping out of a coach.

cently, and gave them other diſtinguiſhed marks of royal bounty. It is ſaid his Majeſty expreſſed much ſurpriſe at ſeeing our midſhipmen dreſſed with round hats and ribbons in their ſhoes, but Capt. Sneedorff replied, that dreſs in a ſeaman was a ſecondary conſideration, he ſhould be always free from incumbrance, ready at the moment to mount the top-gallant maſt head or explore the bottom of the hold The Emperor made no reply, but afterwards gave orders that his midſhipmen ſhould dreſs in the ſame way.

Copenhagen, the ſeat of all that is eſſential to the empire, has materially benefited by theſe improvements; formerly the neceſſary precaution was neglected of giving it a powerful defence againſt any attack by ſea.

A battery called Proeveſteen (the Touch-ſtone) was erected in the ſea, to the ſouthward of the city, to prevent an enemy from bombarding the dock-yards, and other important places. The plan of this battery was laid before Chriſtian VI. and approved by him the 2d April, 1742; a remarkable day, as the effects of that negligence which ſuffered the battery to go to decay, were moſt ſeverely felt on the ſame day in 1801.

To replace this battery, the Elephant, the Sound, and the Princeſs Vilhelmina were cut down, filled with ballaſt, and grounded in the ruins to raiſe a foundation for a new fort. This undertaking is purſued moſt zealouſly, and a few years, will, I hope, exhibit as fine a battery there, as that we have to the north of the city, called the Three Crowns. This

laſt battery was conſtructed at the diſtance of two miles from ſhore, on the plan of our ingenious Commodore Gerner,* who dying before it was completed, the battery was ſuffered to go almoſt to decay; but in 1801, it became an object of more ſerious attention. Upon the approach of the Britiſh fleet, it was hurried into a ſtate of tolerable defence, though unfurniſhed with either breaſt-work, or powder magazine.—However three furnaces were completed for heating balls, and the battery being fortunately made like a horſe-ſhoe, with a tolerably large harbour in the centre, ſhowers of ſhells, which would otherwiſe have annoyed the garriſon very materially, only whiſtled by their ears, and buried themſelves in the water.

After the battle the Eaſt India Company furniſhed government with a large quantity of cotton, in bags, and many individuals collected empty ſugar bags, they were filled with ſand, which, with the cotton bags, made a moſt excellent breaſt-work all round the garriſon.—In two days every thing was diſpoſed to meet whatever danger might occur.

During the armiſtice of fourteen weeks, the battery had aſſumed quite a new appearance; walls were

* Commodore Gerner died in 1784. He invented a machine worked by eight horſes, which drains the Royal Dock in 24 hours; a taſk which formerly employed 500 ſailors, inceſſantly for three days, I remember once to have been in this dock with two Engliſh Sea Captains, who paid many obliging compliments to the ingenuity of Gerner, and ſpoke in very high terms of the dock itſelf, altogether the labor of art; the tides not permitting us to eſtabliſh ſimilar Docks to thoſe in England.

raiſed all around it, each gun was fitted on a new carriage, made after an excellent French model, and bomb-proof magazines were erected. One of theſe unfortunately falling before it was finiſhed, two perſons were killed, and ſeveral wounded. This unforeſeen accident gave riſe to a moſt ludicrous paragraph, in an Engliſh newſpaper: "The fall of the tower of "the Three Crown battery at Copenhagen, on the "14th ult. which ſerved for a powder-magazine, is "another proof of the powerful effect of the fire of "the fleet under Lord Nelſon, and the dreadful con-"ſequences that would have enſued had the conflict "been continued a longer time."*

My reader will recollect, no magazine exiſted at the time of the action.

The cauſe of the accident remained ſome time a ſecret, till it was whiſpered that the contracting bricklayer had uſed ſand for cement.—Stone walls were built in the ſea, to preſerve the batteries from rotting, and at ſome little diſtance, floating beams, ſecured by immenſe chains, ſurround them, ſo as to render boarding extremely perilous, if not utterly impracticable.

A project has likewiſe been attempted for the erection of a third battery on the ſide immediately oppoſite. Should this ever be accompliſhed, the Daniſh metropolis may be called the IRON CITY, as in the citadel, Frederickshavn, a line of formidable batteries

* Lloyd's Evening Poſt, from Friday Auguſt 7, to Monday Aug. 10, 1801.

have been raiſed juſt above the water's edge, which, together with the ramparts, are conſtructed ſo as to croſs their fire with the batteries in the ſea, though the diſtance conſidered, certainly with no great effect, unleſs particular circumſtances ſhould favor the entrance of an enemy to the inner roads.

New batteries have likewiſe been raiſed on the new dock-yard and all along the coaſt of Amack, ſo that if an enemy, ſome years hence, ſhould attempt making any impreſſion on Copenhagen by ſea, would, upon the ſmalleſt computation, be welcomed with upwards of 500 guns, moſt of which are long 36 pounders, independent of mortars that throw ſhells of no leſs than 150 pounds weight.

Double ramparts have been elevated, and foſſes dug from the batteries on the ſhore of Amack, adjoining the Baltic, down to the Weſtern gate, a diſtance of one and a half Engliſh miles.

If every government were thus made wiſe by the ſeverity of experience, we ſhould have fewer ſcenes of the 2d of April: for who is more dangerous than the lion rouſed in his den?

Situated as we were before, and after the battle, I truſt it will be admitted, that we could not have acted otherwiſe; if I have proved this clearly, my taſk is completed. To love our Country, was a maxim tranſmitted to us by the example of our anceſtors; but I may ſafely affirm, *that love* has been increaſed by the example we have ſhewn each other: an example which Chriſtian 4th, Frederick 3d, Hvitfeldt, or any other patriot would have proudly ſhared. Our rank

as a nation does not enable us to ſhine with warlike dignity, the humble virtues of peace, therefore, diſtinguiſh our ſons, and be it our nobleſt aim to contribute to the happineſs of each other! If our condition be envied by none, it is ſuch, however, as to leave us no room for envying that of others.

Thus the rough 2d of April, like the overwhelming inundation of the Nile, has left its benefits behind—benefits, which the uninterrupted calm of an eighty years peace, was unable to afford us. We have been taught confidence in each other; we have provided for the ſafety and honour of the kingdoms; and, if I may be allowed to pronounce from experience, we have gained the eſteem and affection of the Britiſh nation.

THE END.

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